

Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 18, 1963

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BROWNING

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First came the razor blade... then came back-and-forth electric shavers

Now
the third way
to shave...
Norelco with rotary blades!



NEW NORELCO 'FLOATING-HEAD' SPEEDSHAVER® 20

Norelco rotary blades stroke off whiskers
(most comfortable way to shave close and clean)

The age of shaving comfort dawned the day Norelco rotary blades were born. They introduced the third way to shave—most comfortable way to shave close and clean.

Norelco rotary blades whirl round at an incredible 3500 revolutions per minute. They never change direction. They stroke off whiskers so gently your face actually feels soothed! So why chance scraping, nicking, pinching or pulling?

On the latest Norelco model (*above*) you'll find the new 'floating-heads' which swivel automatically to fit your face. No whisker can hide from them!

For the ladies, Norelco presents the smart-looking Lady Norelco (*right*). Hidden rotary blades whisk away leg and

underarm hair smoothly and gently with no razor cuts.

See the new Norelco Cordless, too. Battery-powered, it shaves anywhere! Also the new Norelco 'Flip-top'... latest version of the world's best seller.

Norelco accessories: *Home Barber Kit*, made especially for the 'floating-heads' model. Saves you money with home haircuts for grown-ups and kids! *Preter*, the pre-shave beard conditioner. *Finale*®, a bracing after-shave lotion. And *Shaver Cleaner*, to keep your shaver heads in tip-top shape.

See your Norelco dealer today... and discover the comfort of the third way to shave. **Norelco®**



Elegant New Lady Norelco Shaver 20L. Shaves legs, underarms, with no razor cuts. Now low price. Lovely design, 110 v. (AC/DC) Attractive tensile case.

NORTH AMERICAN PHILIPS COMPANY, INC., 100 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N.Y. Norelco is known as PhilShave in Canada and throughout the rest of the free world. Other products: Hearing Aids, Repairs, Radio-Phonographs, Tape Recorders, Dictating Machines, Medical X-ray Equipment, Electronics, Tumor Seal Devices.

Contents

NOVEMBER 18, 1963 Volume 19, Number 21

Cover selection by Bernard Fuchs

22 The Life-giving Spray

Contrary to the prophecy of Silent Spring, pesticides have helped fill the outdoors with healthy animals.

26 A Rueful Dream Come True

As Sammy Linton roars with laughter, Cassius Clay puts his name—and maybe his life—on the line for \$1 million.

28 The Upstarts Hit Judgment Day

Auburn, Illinois and Baylor, three of the football season's big upsets, came and crashed on Saturday.

30 New Sugar in an Old State

With agriculture falling off, the cold winters in Vermont are being warmed by a welcome avalanche of skiing money.

37 Spice for the Sugar

A post-ski spa called Sugarbath has developed an artificial southern atmosphere to schau-schneuen racial cloners.

46 Snow? Let's Play Tennis!

Patched jeans and ski pants are the white flannels of a boy, new winter sport staged on wooden courts.

74 Grown Men in a Child's Game

This view of basketball by the Celtics' Bill Russell explains why he prefers to discuss today's racial crisis.

The departments

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| 15 Scorecard | 67 Horse Racing |
| 52 College Football | 68 Dogs |
| 60 Bridge | 93 For the Record |
| 63 Golf | 94 19th Hole |
| 64 Pro Football | |



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Arizona Instruments are now 20

Next week

WESTERN LEADERS, the Green Bay Packers and Chicago Bears, meet for the second time around in a game that could decide the conference title. Tex Maule reports on a

THE TYROL is getting ready for the Olympics. A special section, with color pictures by Dr. Fritz Kessel, shows its fashions and charms and tells what it is like to ski and be there.

AN INDIAN AND A LORD
one named Littleghost, the other Lochamilton, lived worlds apart, but William Chuman remembers them because they witnessed his greatest show.

More brawn in the body puts more life in today's Ford Motor



Here's a car built to support any population explosion. And still stay in top form. It's a 1964 Ford Country Squire looking young all over.

Company cars.



Young bodies grow strong with exercise. But a car body has to be born rugged. Especially with a flock of husky youngsters in the family.

How long a life your car body has depends on how solidly it's built. If it's not strong—wear and tear, squeaks and rattles. That's why all Ford Motor Company cars give you so much extra reinforcing.

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But more life is built into Ford Motor Company cars wherever you look. In every Ford, Mercury, Thunderbird and Lincoln Continental, the upholstery is more durable. Rust protection is greater. New electrical systems last far longer.

It's all part of a plan by Ford Motor Company to give you the best-built cars on the American Road. A plan where engineering designs the quality for the car. Manufacturing precision puts it there. And severe testing sees that it stays there. (Last year durability tests at Ford Motor Company added up to 14 million miles).

See the new 1964 models at your Ford or Lincoln-Mercury dealer's. Take a revelation ride. Discover all the ways there's more life built into cars by Ford Motor Company.

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MOTOR COMPANY

There's
more life
built into
cars by
Ford Motor
Company



Strong bodies, good steel and heavy-duty hinges keep play as Ford Motor Company cars: lighter, quieter.



Gene Sarazen, commentator for Shell's Wonderful World of Golf

How to play golf in the warm 70°s

This winter Pan Am gives you scores of challenging courses to choose from on 8 sunny islands! And we'll do everything for you but caddy!

This winter you probably need a parka, mukluks and a St. Bernard to play your favorite golf courses at home. But Pan Am has a cure for the woes of frozen golfers (and their wives). You'll find it in our brand-new folder, *Golf in the Warm 70°s*. It tells a lot. For example:

Scores of challenging courses—in the Caribbean, Bermuda or Hawaii—are waiting to test you, tan you, make you feel like a million. Play in Hawaii, Bermuda, Nassau, Jamaica, the Dominican Republic, Puerto Rico, St. Croix or Barbados. Play one, two, or more islands. Spend a little or a lot, or something in between.

Pick your own package. One price includes your Jet fare, hotel, and meals. You can even figure in your greens fees and caddy if you like! For example, as little as \$161 from Miami for a fabulous weekend at Puerto Rico's famed

Dorado Golf Course. From New York, spend a wonderful week of golfing in Bermuda — only \$193. Or golf the palmy courses of Hawaii for a week—just \$307 from San Francisco. These are just a few examples. Pick your own package, go at your own pace, and suit your own budget!

Complete details are yours in *Golf in the Warm 70°s*. Where to go, where to stay, where to play. Plus information on clubhouse facilities, greens fees,

equipment rentals, caddies, lessons from pros, tournaments. And of course, nearby hotels, resorts, sights, all you need to know to plan the golfing vacation of a lifetime.

Fill out the coupon now! Send for your free copy of *Golf in the Warm 70°s*, indicating the islands you'd like to play. Plan and budget a vacation for yourself and your wife. Have the time of your life, at a price you can afford.



SEND FOR THIS FREE FOLDER NOW!

Mail to: Golf New Horizons, Pan American Airways, Pan Am Building
New York 17, N.Y.

Please send me _____ copy(s) of Pan Am's free folder *Golf in the Warm 70°s*. I'm especially interested in getting in:
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The Dominican Republic St. Croix Barbados



Name _____

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City _____ Zone _____ State _____



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On-the-Rocks...or Neat...

How do you prefer Hiram Walker's Cordials?

Many hostesses find quite a few of their guests prefer Hiram Walker's Cordials served in the traditional fashion—neat. For them, this is the only way to enjoy the full flavor of these delightful cordials.

However, lately, more and more men and women have been asking for Hiram Walker's Cordials on-the-rocks.

The rich colors, sparkling over ice, delight the eye and appeal to the most sophisticated taste.

Either way, your only answer is to have a good supply of Hiram Walker's Cordials on hand. Better pick up a few bottles today. And don't forget your own favorites. Why wait for company? Enjoy them tonight!



**HIRAM WALKER'S
CORDIALS**

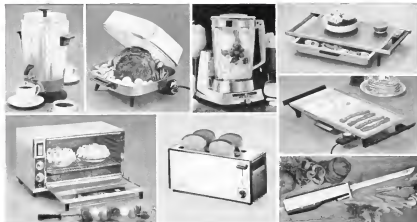
A RAINBOW OF DISTINCTIVE FLAVORS

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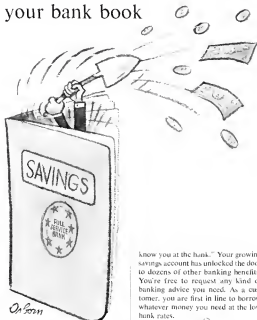
Handsome new Warming Tray, for example, that keeps your Lobster Newburg hot for serving. One even has a "Keeps Warm" drawer for rolls, pastry, warming plates. A new Griddle for grilling (and serving!) cocktail sausages and other hot hors d'oeuvres. A new High-Dome Skillet that doubles as a lovely server, too. An Electric Slicing Knife for carving that party roast (and dozens of other things) quickly and perfectly. Even a new stainless-steel

Automatic Coffee Urn that brews and serves up to 30 cups. Before you plan your next buffet or dinner party, plan on visiting your General Electric dealer. He has a free, new booklet, "GUIDE TO GRACIOUS ENTERTAINING." Also available by writing to: General Electric Company, 22DE, Portable Appliance Department, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

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Dig out the fortune that lies buried in your bank book



More and more people are realizing that they'll have to *borrow* far more money in a lifetime than they can save—including home loans, appliance loans—plus loans to send the kids to college or themselves on a vacation—the average family may borrow as much as \$50,000 before the grandchildren take over. That's a lot of money.

They reason, then, that it's far more profitable in the long run to reduce the cost of borrowing than to try to earn more on their savings.

So what has all this borrowing got to do with putting your savings in a "Full Service" bank? *Practically everything!* Read why.



Use your savings account to cut the cost of borrowing

Assuming you're starting from scratch, here's the way to use a savings account to beat down the cost of borrowing (not to mention starting a useful financial partnership with a bank):

1. Pick a "Full Service" bank and give it all your banking business—savings account, checking account, anything else you can think of.
2. Get on a nod-and-smile basis with at least one of the bankers. (He'll take an interest in your plans because banks thrive on checking and savings accounts.)
3. Borrow small amounts of money as needed, instead of dipping into your emergency savings. Pay each back as promised. Nothing pleases a banker more. And you save borrowing from a bank, remember? On a \$2000 loan, for example, you could save as much as \$100 in interest costs.

Use your savings to build your reputation

Pretty soon, you'll find that "they

know you at the bank." Your growing savings account has unlocked the door to dozens of other banking benefits. You're free to request any kind of banking advice you need. As a customer, you are first in line to borrow whatever money you need at the low bank rates.



In short, you've raised the "fortune" necessary to take care of your major family purchases and your credit rating is unquestioned. (If anyone *does* happen to question it, just refer them to your personal "Full Service" banker.)



Your Full Service Commercial Bank

A "Full Service" bank is the only financial institution that can legally offer both savings and checking accounts, as well as all types of loans. There are thousands of them. There is one near you.

©1984 The First National City Bank of Kansas City, Kansas



■ Most folks today realize that a periodic physical check-up can help keep them in shape, and hopefully ward off illness and big medical bills. "It's the same with houses," says home-planning authority, A. M. Watkins, author of "The Complete Book of Home Remodeling, Repair and Improvement," and other books and articles in his field. Mr. Watkins has now prepared a booklet especially for the New York Life Insurance Company entitled "How to Hold Down Home Maintenance Costs."

Avoid Unnecessary Repair Bills. "Certain stitch-in-time maintenance checks can pay off in handsome dividends," he points out. "They can sharply cut your annual house operating bills, as well as forestall a major repair bill." By keeping a home in tip-top shape, you preserve its resale value, and also reap the most living enjoyment.

In a detailed, easy-to-follow analysis, Mr. Watkins lists the key problem areas

to look out for in plumbing, electricity, heating and such—and what to do about them.

When to "Do-it-yourself." Many major repairs and emergency service calls stem from a few basic causes, the booklet explains, and so a check-up plus preventive maintenance can often help you stave them off. The average person can take care of numerous small difficulties himself. Mr. Watkins tells you the type of repairs you generally should not attempt to handle yourself, and how to hold down costs when you do hire specialists for repairs and improvements.

A Booklet You'll Want to Keep. Anyone who owns a home, new or old, will find dozens of worthwhile tips in this booklet, including many ideas that can save the home owner money. For your free copy of this new booklet, use the coupon, or ask your New York Life Agent. *The New York Life Agent in Your Community is a Good Man to Know.*

New York Life and Housing. The New York Life Insurance Company now has more than \$2 billion invested in mortgage loans throughout the United States and Canada including almost 150,000 loans on individual homes. More than 3/4 million people reside in private homes and apartments financed by New York Life funds.

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The fan-jet take-off: You're in the air in 1700 feet less runway.

The American Airlines fan-jet story



Astrojet with fan-jet engines [above] took off after 3500 feet of runway, ordinary jet [below] after 5200 feet.



The faster a pilot can get his plane in the air, the better he likes it.

And once a pilot's flown a fan-jet, he's spoiled.

Fan-jets have 30% more power than the ordinary jet. They take off in one-third of a mile less runway. They climb faster. And they fly more quietly.

We couldn't ignore advantages like these.

By January of 1962 we'd put fan-jet engines on every jet in our fleet. We called these new planes Astrojets.

Today we have 64 fan-jets—41 more than anyone else in the business.

So one way to be sure you get a fan-jet on your flight is to take an Astrojet.

You can't miss.

NOW...SHOOT MOVIES anywhere, anytime with the

NEW
SUN GUN

Cordless
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Now, at last, you can literally shoot movies anywhere. Now, at last, you're completely free of the need to have an electric cord plugged into a wall socket. Now, no heavy battery pack to sling on your shoulder. Now you can wander anywhere you like and carry the light that lets you shoot movies anytime, anywhere you wander. ☐ For now there's a cordless... truly portable movie light. A compact 3½-pound unit with self-contained rechargeable batteries, variable beam zoom-to-flood, finger tip light control, and power to shoot 100 feet of film between rechargings. ☐ What's more, this new SUN GUN Cordless Movie Light by Sylvania is only 10" high,

and it fits any movie camera. ☐ In fact, about the only thing not built in is the photographer. That's where you come in. ☐ Come on!

SYLVANIA

SUN GUN
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WHO NEEDS TRUCKS?

Practically no one herds cattle to market anymore.

They're taken by truck. So they'll get to market faster. And fatter. (That's one reason why there are fewer lean, tough steaks these days.)

Trucks also help to bring you practically everything else you eat. From soup to nuts, literally.

Did you have frozen orange juice for breakfast?

Chemstrand, New York 1, a Division of Monsanto Chemical Company, makes Chemstrand® nylon. America's tire manufacturers do the rest

Chances are it came to you by refrigerated truck. And so does nearly every other frozen food. This is a completely new industry that was made possible by trucks.

To handle this tremendous moving job, we have vast fleets of trucks. Owned by motor freight carriers. These people are transportation experts. They get it done efficiently. And economically.

And safely, too.

As a matter of fact, they've established an amazing record for highway safety. How did they do it? By overlooking nothing that contributes to safer driving. That's why so many trucks ride on nylon cord tires.

Chemstrand is a leading supplier of nylon yarn for truck tire cord. So we, too, depend on trucks.



Chemstrand® nylon. Member  American Trucking Industry.

Now...a witch-proof policy for both home and life

A Very Adult Fable
in which Insurance
Company of North
America plays
Fairy Godmother



Hansel and Gretel were imprisoned by a witch just because they chewed on her gingerbread house. "Vandalism like that worries me half to death!" she cackled, throwing wide the oven door.



"Obviously, you haven't heard about INA Homeowners-Instant Life protection," chorused the children. "Package Homeowners coverage, plus optional Term Life Insurance both at very low cost."



"No medical exam required, I suppose?" sneered the witch. "None," averred Hansel. "That's why it's called 'Instant' Life: additional low-cost coverage with no bother or red tape."



"You mean INA offers Life coverage AND Homeowners protection that insures my house against windstorm, fire, burglary and people chewing on it?" "All that and more!" chorused the kids.



Charmed, the witch turned into a beautiful princess and they all lived happily ever after in the little gingerbread house with a passing INA agent, who was really a prince after all.



Moral: Be sure, insure with INA. Just ask your INA agent or broker about new INA Homeowners-Instant Life. Then, have him pass the gingerbread and feel free to eat all your heart desires.

this calls for
Budweiser

An illustration of three men playing pool. A man in a red shirt stands behind the table, looking on. Two other men are at the table; one is leaning over the cue ball while the other looks on. A can of Budweiser is on the table. The scene is set in a pool hall with a triangular rack visible in the background.

*saturday
afternoon...*

and Monday's a thousand miles away. Bet
a cold Budweiser you can't drop that shot...

Where there's life...there's Bud.
KING OF BEER • ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS • NEWARK • LOS ANGELES • TAMPA

SCORECARD

RIO AT ROOSEVELT

We have always disliked the twin double, recently introduced to New York race tracks, and other forms of this bet, which consists of picking four or more winners in a row. We dislike it because it reduces horse-race betting to the level of a lottery.

Per se there may be nothing wrong with a lottery. But when horse-race betting becomes a lottery it brings to the track an element not ordinarily present, largely composed of people who view the races not as a game but as an opportunity to get big money for practically nothing. Their mania is inflamed by publicity, such as the story in the New York papers last week of a bartender who won \$79,000 for \$2 in the twin double at the Roosevelt Raceway harness track on Long Island.

Just two nights after the big win, Roosevelt had the worst racetrack riot in memory. In the sixth race, the first of the twin double, there was a collision and pileup on the track, and only two of the eight horses finished. The winner was a long shot, and of the 85,000 twin-double tickets sold, only 3,000 were still "alive." Holders of the 82,000 losing tickets screamed for the race to be voided because of the spill but, quite properly, the result was ruled official. So the losers proceeded to destroy the tote board and tried to burn down the whole place. Dozens of people were injured in violent fighting with police, and damage to the racetrack was vindictive and costly.

The twin double was introduced with the approval of the New York State government. This is the very same government that is forcing the New York tracks to add races to their cards when they don't have respectable animals to fill them, to extend their racing season beyond all reason, and to adopt gimmicks that demean the sport. Having done all this, this same government is opposing the legalization of off-track betting on moral grounds.

To men who run racetracks and the politicians who batten on them, we say—

not for the first time—beware. Your greed may be your downfall. Remember Roosevelt Raceway

MITCHELL'S RECORD

Clarence Mitchell, one of the last of the honest spitball pitchers, died in Grand Island, Neb. last week. He was 72.

Mitchell pitched for a long time. He began his career in the major leagues with the Detroit Tigers in 1911 and ended with the New York Giants in 1932, pitching in two World Series the while. "You never heard of a spitballer with a sore arm," he once said, explaining his competitive longevity. In his Series experience he neither won nor lost a game, but he did acquire a Series record. A dubious one. In the fifth game of the 1920 Series against Cleveland, pitching for Brooklyn, Mitchell hit into an unassisted triple play—the only unassisted triple play in 61 years of Series history. Many remember that Bill Wambegans, the Indians' second baseman, made the magnificent outs. Few remember that Mitchell hit into them. Even fewer recall that on the next time up Mitchell hit into a double play for five outs in two at bats.

TOUCHDOWN, NBC

NBC announced last week that it has canceled plans to televise the annual Blue-Gray football game in Montgomery, Ala. in December because Negroes will not be allowed to play. One long locomotive for NBC.

WAR ON THE LAWN

Lawn bowling is such a quiet, gentlemanly game that it seems a pity to report that the men who govern the sport have been acting like alley cats lately. The bickering began a year ago in Perth, Australia, when the International Bowling Board voted Rhodesia a full IBB membership. Rhodesia's first act as a member was to cast the decisive vote that removed a Britisher as secretary in favor of a Canadian.

England didn't accept this gracefully at all. It has been the power behind lawn

bowling for centuries. Sir Francis Drake, it is said, was playing when the Spanish Armada hove into view off Plymouth—"We have time enough to finish the game and beat the Spaniards, too," Drake is supposed to have remarked coolly.

Stung by the events at Perth, England—along with neighbors Scotland, Wales and Ireland—protested that Rhodesia was ineligible to vote, that the meeting was unconstitutional and that a special meeting must be held in Britain. Instead, the new IBB committee has called for a get-together in Vancouver in December. What's more, the committee says the British representatives cannot attend since they have steadfastly refused to pay a dues increase from \$12 to \$30 voted on in Perth. Thus, unless one side gives way, it appears the IBB will be split in two, a situation from which all those who enjoy lawn bowling will very likely recover.

MARKET REPORT

In the pharmacopoeia of the Far East, powdered deer horn is good for what ails you, and is especially prescribed for its rejuvenating effects. But there appears to be a shortage of deer in Taiwan, and the Double Happy Trading Company of Taipei is in the market for tons of the stuff. In a letter to New Mexico's



Department of Game and Fish, the Double Happy people announced:

"We wish to obtain deer antlers (such as elk, caribou, reindeer and so forth) 10,000 pounds per year and we want such item for the making of medicine not to other use, and shall be much obliged if you will give us a list of guide registers who are interesting in the exportation of such items."

continued



“... We'll put it all in
First National City Travelers Checks
—they're better than money.”

FNCB Travelers Checks are better than money—or buried treasure. They're spendable anywhere in the world, but only by you. And if you lose them or they are stolen, have no fear. You can get a prompt refund through any of FNCB's thousands of global refund points. And they're backed by First National City, best-known name in world-wide banking. Ask for them by name at your bank.

FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK TRAVELERS CHECKS

Member FDIC Member Securities Investor Corporation

Official Travelers Check New York World's Fair 1964-1965

Fastest refund in case of loss or theft—in U.S., except Alaska and Hawaii, phone WESTERN UNION OPERATOR 25 for nearest refund location. In other countries, Alaska and Hawaii, ask at major hotels.



SCORECARD *continued*

Levon Lee, game management chief, replied that the letter would be published in the department's magazine, *New Mexico Wildlife*, and thereby reach 9,000 hunters. Back came a letter of thanks from B. H. Sun, Double Happy manager, and another request.

"There are a bear-picture printing on your letterhead," Sun noted. "We suppose that your hunting sportsmen are able to get this time, so we want to obtain 50, 100 bear's galls from them."

Like any good game-management man, Lee is now wondering what this new kind of hunting pressure might do to the bears and antlered animals of New Mexico.

UNDER THE TABLE

It is no dark secret that a good many college football coaches and assistant coaches earn a little extra money every year acting as scouts for professional teams. It is not unlawful for them to do this, just unethical, but coaches' salaries often are low, and some of them point out that you can't buy baby shoes with ethics.

Concerned about the growing number of coaches who are scouting for "consideration," the NCAA has sent a letter to all its member schools, reminding coaches of their moral responsibilities. Says NCAA Executive Director Walter Byers: "You simply can't have a paid-for allegiance to one club and be able to give objective advice to one of your players if he asks you what club he should sign with."

The NCAA constitution does not spell out any specific penalty for violation of the NCAA's principle of ethical conduct, but it does make provision for an investigation and possible censure of violators. All of which means that future payments by the pros to the college coaches will have to be made a little more discreetly.

AS OLD AS YOUR GOLF SCORE

Willard G. (Pop) Waters of Baltimore, is having trouble with his golf game. He used to shoot his age, but not anymore. At 90, he still shoots in the middle and high 80s.

Pop is on the links of the Country Club of Maryland two or three times a week. His hands shake badly, so much so that sometimes he needs help in teeing up, but at the moment of addressing the ball, and hitting it, all is fine. Andy

continued

Business problems building up? Profit squeeze? Paperwork? Costs? Improved communications might help you solve them. The man who can tell you for sure is our Communications Consultant. His specialty is analyzing business operations and spotting weak links in them that new or improved communications services can tighten up. It won't cost you a dime for this man's expert appraisal—and it might net you greater efficiency and profits. Have a talk with him soon. Just call your Bell Telephone Business Office and ask for a Communications Consultant.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM





**Say "Merry Christmas"
with a golf bag cover
from United Air Lines
...only \$7.50 postpaid**

In time for Christmas, United Air Lines offers its handsome red vinyl cover for only \$7.50 postpaid.

It's great protection for a golf bag, and has been created exclusively for United by the Wilson Sporting Goods Company.

Not only that, we'll carry golf equipment at a bargain rate. Golf bag, cover, 14 clubs, 12 balls and a pair of shoes go along for only \$4 to any city we fly to on the Mainland... only \$9 between Los Angeles or San Francisco and Hawaii.

To be sure your cover arrives by Christmas, send check or money order for \$7.50 by December 1 to Golf Bag Cover, Dept. SL-11, United Air Lines, P. O. Box 8800, Chicago, Illinois 60666.

UNITED

THE EXTRA CARE AIRLINE

SCORECARD

Gibson, Country Club of Maryland golf pro, says Waters is one of the most remarkable golfers he has ever seen.

Waters never swung a golf club until he was 52, which was 38 years ago. Now the 5-foot 10-inch, 145-pound nonagenarian plays most of the winter and scorns a golf cart, walking to keep himself fit. "That's what I play for," Pop Waters says.

He has won the Middle Atlantic Seniors' Tournament the last two years, and on his 88th birthday he shot his age for 18 holes. But on his 89th birthday he belted out a 79.

WRONG WAY AGAIN

With the score tied 7-7, Rusty Randall of Lyons (Ga.) High intercepted a Metter (Ga.) High pass at the opponent's 35-yard line and streaked 65 yards for what he thought was a touchdown. "Son," the referee told him, "you ran the wrong way." Lyons won the game anyway, 16-9, but Rusty was desolated. He went home and asked for the keys to the family car "so I can get out of town." Then, to cheer him up, there came a telegram from Roy Riegels, wrong-way runner of the 1929 Rose Bowl game. "Laugh it off, take it in stride and make one the right way next time," the immortal Riegels advised.

NEW KIND OF PUFFERY

Tobacco Rowd has lost Whitey Ford, who used to pitch commercials for one of the big cigarette firms. He has wavered himself to the American Cancer Society. In advertising soon to be released Whitey—and Bob Mathias, former Olympic decathlon champion, runners Jim Beatty and Tom Courtney, baseball slugger Rocky Colavito, boxer Bart Starr and fighters Sugar Ray Robinson, Jack Dempsey and Floyd Patterson—will lead a campaign called "Athletes Against Cancer."

Up in her lovely arms about the whole affair was Julie London, who cooed to the abashing athletes, "Why don't you settle back..."

BAN THE BALL

After losing a game to Michigan 85-0 in 1939, the University of Chicago abandoned intercollegiate football—as who wouldn't? But with the passage of time the hurt has been healed, and the school has begun a modest football renaissance. Actually, they call it "football

continued

DUOFOLD'S OPERATION **Deep Freeze®**
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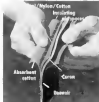


A NEW ACTION-BACK THAT REALLY WORKS. Operation Deep Freeze is a parka designed and worn by the pros. They like that free and easy, light-as-a-bird feeling. And now we have something new you'll like even more — an Action-Back that really works! This new parka gives you extra stretch where you need it — expands as much as ten inches across the shoulders. And, just as importantly, it will always snap back to its smooth, streamlined look.



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Something new's been added to our feather-light parka... an outer layer of new Reeveair fabric that's waterproof and windproof. Reeveair "breathes," so you stay warm and dry out on the slopes. We've made Reeveair the 4th layer of our patented 4-layer construction. In less than a 1/4 inch of thickness we build in 3 insulating air spaces and four layers of fabric... absorbent cotton inside (which color-coordinates with the Reeveair), a layer of Virgin Wool blended with cotton and Nylon, a barrier of miracle Reeves Curon®, and finally the outer shell of Reeveair. You'll find our usual pro touches: the tow tab, the non-curling cuffs, the adjustable side tabs, the hood that folds up neatly under the collar.



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For the ladies we make pretty prints in the richest colors. We make our parka reversible; an outer shell of wind-resistant DuPont Nylon and a lining of color-coordinated Orlon. For the children we make our famed 4-layer quilted parkas. In less than a 1/4 inch we build in 3 insulating air spaces and 4 layers of fabric. So much warmth in so light a package. At better ski shops and stores, Duofold Inc., Mahawk, N.Y.

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SCORECARD *continued*

class," and as a course for credit it is supposed to be just another way of saying "physical education."

However, some students at Chicago believe the football class is a subversive screen for reinstating the big-time game. They were sure of it this season when the class began to schedule "scrimmages" (for laboratory games) with other schools. Last week they acted.

Shortly before Chicago's scrimmage with tiny North Central College was to start last Saturday, 200 demonstrators, a few of them bearded, took the field and sat down on the 50-yard line (It was Stagg Field, too, may Amos Alonzo forgive them.) One protester stole the football, others waved signs—some in Greek—reading "Ban the Ball." Some martyred themselves by climbing into police paddy wagons (they were released a block away). Referees, meanwhile, played touch on the sidelines, the uniformed players took seats in the bleachers and counterdemonstrators bore signs reading "Football Si, Oddballs No."

About that time Warner Wick, the dean of students, got on the PA system and said: "You fundamentalists who are also dogmatists, why don't you let some other people have their fun?" Well, 90 minutes had been used up by the protesters so their enthusiasms had evaporated anyhow, and the game began. Chicago, though a little improved over 1939, still lost, 7-6.

THEY SAID IT

- Jimmy Brown, Cleveland Browns' bruising ball carrier, explaining why he once rejected a \$25,000 offer to abandon professional football and become a boxer: "Football is my game. I don't like to hurt people."
- Milt Pappas, brash 24-year-old pitcher offering to take over as manager of the Baltimore Orioles: "Everyone says the Orioles need color, I'd give it to them by going back to my original name—Miltiadis Papastadgius."
- Jack McMahon, Cincinnati Royals' coach, on Boston's defensive genius, Bill Russell: "The minute you make a move, you have to assume he's coming from some place; he borders on ruining the game."
- J. T. King, Texas Tech football coach, sending a substitute into game against SMU: "Tell Elledge to throw a sideline pass—to you if you're open, to me if you're not."

END

1938: Little Davey O'Brien, scourge of the Southwest Conference and All American quarterback for T.C.U., who, at only 151 pounds, went on to play pro ball with the Philadelphia Eagles. New England Life was in its 100th year.



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You're still in your twenties, to be sure. But the years have a way of speeding by—and many financial opportunities speed along with them.

Right now, for example, is the ideal time for you to take advantage of cash-value life insurance. Premium payments are low. And with a cash-value policy from New England Life, you can end up taking out several thousand dollars more than you put in—even if your dividends are used to buy additional life insurance protection.

Say you buy a \$15,000 policy now. Then assume you use the dividends to build up additional protection automatically through the years. (For illustration, we'll apply our current dividend scale, although these scales change from time to time.) The cash value of your policy at age 65 is \$17,555. But premium payments total only \$10,415. So all the dollars you put in and \$7,140 more can be yours at retirement. At the same time, the policy's protection value has risen from \$15,000 to \$26,456!

Whatever year you were born, get full details on cash-value life insurance by New England Life from our representative in your area. Also, ask him about the exciting new developments announced November 1st. They make the New England Life contract even more valuable for both present and future policyholders to own.

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Sports
Illustrated
NOVEMBER 18, 1963

THE LIFE-GIVING



SPRAY

Contrary to the dire prophecies of Rachel Carson's best-selling 'Silent Spring,' pesticides like those being dusted over the California farm below have helped produce the nation's healthiest wildlife crop in many decades

CONTINUED

122 EWING



HAPPY SOUND OF A RICH YEAR IN THE OUTDOORS

by VIRGINIA KRAFT

A year ago a gifted biologist named Rachel Carson published a literate—and modestly technical—book called *Silent Spring*. In it she painted a picture of disaster that made Nevil Shute's *On the Beach* seem almost euphoric by comparison. Through wanton use of pesticides, charged Miss Carson, man was poisoning the earth and its creatures. With a leer in his eye and a bug-bomb in his hand, he had lethally contaminated the food he ate, the water he drank, the fish and game he hunted. There was no escape from "this chemical death rain" that was "changing the very nature of the world."

Supporting her wide-screen preview of doom for both man and wildlife, Miss Carson vividly punctuated the pages of her book with dead men and dying animals—all victims of pesticides. "As matters stand now," Miss Carson warned the 131,000 readers of her bestseller, "we are in little better position than the guests of the Borgias."

In the year since, the Borgias' guests have reacted in mass, and in the warring ways. Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall announced that because of the ravages of pesticides, "thousands of acres of prime wildlife habitat may have to be closed to hunting." Udall further proclaimed, "A great woman has awakened the nation by her forceful account of the dangers around us."

CBS *Reports* whipped up two special TV shows on pesticides. Audubon spokesmen mourned this new acceleration in the "long term decline in the common bird." Senator Abraham Ribicoff began a series of pesticide hearings that somewhat resembled an old-fashioned McCarthy investigation. Fishermen in Maine rocked the legislature with a broadside of protest when salmon started dying off in famed Sebago Lake following an aerial spray of mosquitoes and black flies on the shore. A West Texas rancher put a fist-sized hole with a .38 pistol bullet through the wing of a crop-dusting plane that flew too close to his quarter horses, and a North Carolina grape farmer put his shot through the foot of a pilot dusting cotton in a nearby field. Dr. George Wallace of Michigan's Kellogg Foundation predicted that if projected pesticide programs continue,

"we shall witness, in a single decade, an extermination of animal life unequalled in all history." And finally, President Kennedy appointed a scientific advisory board to look into the problem for him.

In recent weeks, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* has conducted its own survey of the charges made in *Silent Spring*, and of the somber prophecies made by politicians and newspapermen since the book came out. A long, careful look at the pesticide-ridden outdoors has produced some startling counterrevelations:

- Wildlife populations all over the nation are bigger and healthier than ever, not in spite of pesticides, but in many cases because of them.
- A great many pesticide disasters and portents of disaster, reported in newspapers and elsewhere, turned out to be exaggerations, in one case amounting to two dead pheasants.
- Those wildlife poisonings that did occur were invariably the result of misuse or negligence, not the inevitable result of prescribed application.
- Pesticide usage is under tight control—growing tighter every day—not only by federal, state and municipal authorities but within the pesticide industry itself.

The most striking contradiction of all has been uncovered by American hunters in the course of the current fall. With the general season half over, outdoorsmen have been able to choose from the richest, most varied bag in years: 17 species of bag game and 24 species of small game. No hunting seasons anywhere have been forced shut or even curtailed because of pesticide losses, nor could any state point to overall game reductions that could be blamed on pesticides.

Seasons are, in fact, longer and more liberal in a number of states than they have been for years. In Texas, where recent rumblings of pesticide-poisoned quail have been heard, game wardens report that "hunters have looked for and found more birds than last year," and wildlife officials are talking about extending the season. Elsewhere, the wild turkey, once nearly extinct and closed to hunting over much of its original range in the early '40s when pesticides first came into widespread use, can be hunted today in 26 states. Ruffed

grouse are peaking in much of their range. New population explosions are reported among Midwestern rabbits. Louisiana's deer herds are growing so fast in prime cotton country, where heavy spraying occurs, that the chief problem is finding enough hunters to harvest them. And Washington game protectors are complaining about deer increases that keep the wardens up nights chasing the animals away from the farmers' well-sprayed fruit trees.

This prosperity in the wildlife of today is a direct result of man's—particularly American man's—increased ability to control his own environment. The U.S. produces the most varied and abundant food supply in the world, the richest forests, the finest and healthiest livestock. Cropland and pasture grow game as well as grain and livestock; skillfully managed timber and grazing lands provide the game with new and improved range and cover. The single most effective tool in bringing about these improvements has been chemical pesticides.

At the conclusion of its recent investigation, the President's science advisory board reported: "Few recent developments have been so effective or have had application in such a wide range of human endeavor as the pesticide chemicals." Without them, it has been estimated that we would lose in this country alone more than 30% of our protein supply, more than 80% of our high-vitamin crops, the production of more than a million farm workers.

Even in heavily sprayed regions, insects, rodents, weeds and various plant diseases remain formidable competitors for food to both man and the game he hunts. For example, John E. Cavada, University of Wisconsin entomologist, estimates that rats eat as much in this country each year as 10,000,000 people. Plant diseases cost \$3 billion annually, weeds, \$4 billion. Fever-carrying ticks and grubs double and triple the cost of animal protein in areas where they go unchecked. In the forests, insects either kill outright or prevent the growth of more than 25 billion board feet of timber each year. "Rachel Carson warns of a silent spring," says Bert Cole, Washington Commissioner of Public Lands. "The spring can be just as silent without

the use of insecticides if our forests are destroyed."

Quite apart from wildlife, the U.S. Department of Agriculture estimates that about 100 million illnesses have been prevented by the chemical control of insects (such as malaria-carrying mosquitoes). DDT alone is credited with saving more than five million U.S. lives. "Pesticides have freed man," said the President's committee, "from communicable diseases to an unprecedented extent."

Unquestionably, pesticides have "changed the very nature of the world." They have made it a better place for both man and wildlife to live. However, there is no doubt that in certain instances fish, game and even people have been killed by pesticides. Each year, between 85 and 150 people die from pesticide poisoning. Some are suicides who deliberately eat or drink the poison. But more than half the victims are children, who innocently taste household bug- and weed-killers, carelessly left where youngsters can get at them. On the containers of these pesticides are specific warnings to keep them away from children, but, says Wallace G. Klausman of Texas A&M, "One of the primary problems is the failure of the public in general to follow the labels." Many of the labels also say to immediately wash any skin area on which a pesticide is accidentally sprayed or spilled—but people ignore these warnings and each year a few die as they ingest the poison through their flesh. Still, total pesticide deaths in the U.S. during the past year were substantially below fatalities from aspirin (200), though they approached the lethal proportions of bee stings (150).

As for wildlife casualties from pesticides, some of them have been caused directly by spraying, others by careless handling of the poisons before or after spraying—and the vast majority of them by misuse rather than by use alone. In Maine, where 26 deer were found dead near fields sprayed for potato control and fish vanished from a stream in the same area, cans of insecticide used in the spraying had been carelessly discarded when the job was done. The cans were left open, and what was left in them spilled through a bridge, contaminating

continued on page 73

Author Carson's cry of alarm prompted fresh studies on effect of pesticides on wildlife



A RUEFUL DREAM COME TRUE



Preclaiming his greatness, Cassius Clay...

Running the day, the man from Cassius Clay's Louisville Sponsoring Group chewed his lip while the boxer with the florid signature and the roccoco personality signed the dotted line. "We did not want this fight so soon," the man said, "but Cassius insisted and we had to give in. After all, wise or unwise, it's his decision and his career." Far removed from such morbidity, the irrepressible Clay slapped down the pen in a Denver hotel last week after agreeing to fight Sonny Liston for the world heavyweight championship next February. "Somebody pinch me," he exulted while visions of dollar signs danced before his big brown eyes. "If I'm not asleep, this is a dream come true."

The dream can still become a nightmare—a few days later Clay got a stiff note from his draft board summoning him to a preinduction physical. A deferment probably will take care of that ("The government will make a couple million dollars out of a title fight," said Cassius, "so they'd be smart to let me go on"), but Sonny Liston will not be so easy. Although widely acclaimed as the savior of boxing, undefeated Clay, by sprinkling fulminating powder over his 19 so-so fights, has made himself the official—if illogical—challenger to the brutish Liston.

So, announcement of the title fight brought anguished protests from all over. Rocky Marciano hinted Clay ought to have his handsome head examined, and a California boxing expert working for the state said the fight "is a mismatch of the first magnitude." Even Clay's own lawyer, Gordon Davidson of Louisville, was an unwilling accomplice. "But," he said, "there was no putting Cassius off. We argued that he needed more experience, that Liston was too strong right now. No use. He wasn't listening. We finally concluded Cassius does not try to learn anything from one fight to the next and really doesn't care about becoming one of the finest heavyweights who ever lived. All he wants is to be the richest."

Whether or not Clay will ever realize his financial ambitions, he was well on

the way last week. Under terms of the contract, he will get 22½% of every ticket and every hot dog plus 22½% of the fighters' share of closed-circuit TV receipts. Liston, as champion, will get 40%, but Clay's cut reportedly will be the biggest ever paid a heavyweight challenger. He will gross close to \$1 million. And to reap that and future harvests, his backers will sink \$40,000 into the "most intensive, most expensive training program ever." Would that do the trick? Odds-makers were prepared to lay 10 to 1 Clay's group should save its money.

Still, win or lose, Clay may be wise to go ahead with the fight now. His acute business instinct tells him that his name has been in decline since his bout with Henry Cooper last June. And his image has become like emery paper; it sparkles a little and grates a lot. He has gained nothing, for example, by welching on a promise to fight George Chuvalo ("He might hurt my pretty face") or by attending meetings of the Black Muslims—about whom he understands virtually nothing. Equally unbecoming has been his recent criticism of his long-suffering trainer, Angelo Dundee, whom he childishly calls a "hum." Thus, having reached a point of diminishing returns, the time to strike was at hand, and Clay last week was in perfect form.

Although Clay had actually signed the contract in late October in the privacy of Gordon Davidson's office, a mock signing (no press conference was set for Tuesday, November 5 in Denver, Liston's latest home town. There was some nonsense about Clay traveling incognito to heighten the drama, so he drove west in a newly purchased, gaily decorated, second-hand airport bus that bears on its aging sides legends like "Sonny Liston Will Go in Eight" and "World's Most Colorful Fighter" done in assorted colors. Pulling in Monday evening, he later wheeled over to Liston's house at 1 a.m. Liston lives in a swank neighborhood (where 32 for-sale signs were put up a week after he moved in last May), and he passes his time mowing the lawn and watching TV. Carefree—a nagging \$100,000 assault

While his backers wring their hands and the heavyweight champion goes weak with laughter, Cassius Clay signs for a title fight with Sonny Liston in February, probably in Las Vegas

by HUSTON HORN

suit brought against him by the wife of an ex-bodyguard was settled out of court just the other day—Liston had gone to bed when Clay drove up. So Cassius leaned on the horn and shouted invective into the night air. Those neighbors who had had the moral courage not to move out when Liston moved in also had the wit to call the police. For Clay, that was it for the night.

Recharged, he arrived at the 2 p.m. conference next day a fashionable two minutes late and piped, "I'm ready to go to war." There followed lots more of the bombast he passes off for humor until it became abundantly clear that 1) Clay's material is wearing pretty thin and 2) some of it is still brand-new to Liston. The world's meanest man dissolved into rib-racking, eye-watering laughter. "I'm the champ of fightin'," he spluttered, "but you the champ of talkin'." Then, collecting himself, he got in a few more licks: he gave Clay his photograph for "protection" and produced a pair of fur boxing gloves which he uses, he said, against the likes of Cassius. After the ebullient press party broke up, Clay shut up, but Liston turned it on in earnest while Clay put away a plate of chicken. "You eat like you headed to the electric chair," Sonny chortled. "The fight ain't tonight." Clay ate and said nothing.

Not knowing exactly when or where the fight will be, Clay ducked out of his \$52 hotel bill next day and headed his bus for New York; Liston went to Las Vegas. Liston has a case of crap-shooting fever, but theorists said he was on more important business this trip. Las Vegas is one of a handful of cities bidding for the fight, and Liston has connections there. "Everybody is supposed to be getting a fair hearing," said a man close to the plans, "but in my gut I feel it's going to Las Vegas. California doesn't think much of Liston's background, and an eastern city's time zone would foul up the theater-TV people."

So that left only a couple of things unsolved. Will the Louisville draft board give Cassius a deferment and, if it does, will the Army, asks Sonny Liston, "want the boy after I'm done with him?" **END**



sends normally malevolent Liston into a laughing fit that brings tears to the champion's eyes.

THE UPSTARTS HIT JUDGMENT DAY

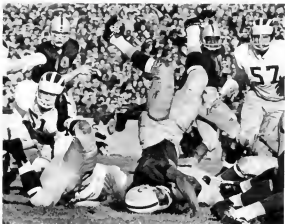
Auburn, Illinois and Baylor had not counted on high station but, powerful in their own conference races, they stayed on top to the finish—almost



The kind of unsympathetic treatment Auburn Quarterback Jimmy Sidle is getting (left) is no worse than what any contending college football team can expect at this cool, crucial time of year. It not only stuns the body, it blunts ambitions as well. With Sidle pretty much surrounded most of the day, fifth-ranked Auburn became unbeaten no more, losing to Mississippi State 13-10 on Guard Justin Canale's 36-yard field goal with 22 seconds to play. In consequence, the University of Mississippi leads the Southeastern Conference with hardly a threat between it and the Sugar Bowl. Meanwhile the nation's second-ranked team, Illinois, and its Halfback Jim Warren (below) were stood on their collective heads by Michigan 14-8 at Champaign, leaving Ohio State and Michigan State to vie for

the Big Ten lead. On their first offensive play, Illinois' Warren and Halfback Sam Price smacked into each other face to face, setting the mood of the game for the Illini who, despite four straight losses to Michigan, never seem to take the Wolverines seriously. Finally, at Austin, Texas, the University of Texas put down the biggest upstart of them all, pass-a-minute Baylor, 7-0, to fortify its Southwest Conference lead, its right to the Cotton Bowl and its acceptance as the best college team in the country. Baylor Quarterback Don Trull, who leads the nation in passing, completed 19 for 204 yards, but in the end—and in the end zone (bottom)—Texas Quarterback Duke Carlisle cut across to intercept Trull's last pass just in front of the waiting arms of Baylor Halfback Larry Elkins. **END**

With no place to go, Auburn Quarterback Jimmy Sidle is squelched by four Mississippi State defenders, including one, Teckle Tommy Neville (70), who has an adventageous but illegal grip on Sidle's face mask.



Illinois' Jim Warren, his ear to the ground, tumbles before Michigan's charge. More upsetting for Illinois: losing the ball four times on fumbles, including the one by Warren that set up the winning Michigan touchdown.



Duke Carlisle of Texas leaps to grab ball—and the ball game—away from Baylor Halfback Larry Elkins. Held to only six yards rushing, Baylor repeatedly challenged Texas with its passes but never was able to score.



NEW SUGAR IN AN OLD STATE

With agriculture falling off and the maple syrup industry now a mere drop in the bucket, the cold winters in Vermont are being warmed these days by a welcome avalanche of skiing money **by HUSTON HORN**

Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys whipped up a pretty big row back in the 1770s winning independence for Vermont but, in the years since, some of the natives have begun to wonder if it was quite worth the trouble. That Currier & Ives reproduction of the old-timey, happy agrarian life looks nice on the family-room wall, perhaps, but it does not reflect the rural realities

of Vermont in 1963. Agriculture is on the steady decline in Vermont, and the eye of the contemporary lithographer might be struck today by the ramshackle homes, the poverty and the deprivation that characterize some of the state's backwoods villages. One quarter of Vermont's households, for example, have incomes of less than \$2,500 a year—a statistical condition of poverty that is

unmatched in any of the other New England states and one that affects 41% of the families in a particularly depressed county such as Grand Isle along the northern portion of Lake Champlain. Altogether four northern counties in the state have been declared depressed areas by the Federal Government. And 40 towns in Vermont exist on such a meager economy that their state income

continued



taxes did not equal the salaries of their state representatives in 1961. Of course, the worst time for these rural villages is during the severe Vermont winters: in many small towns employment is in direct proportion to the dropping temperature, and statewide unemployment just about triples during the cold months.

Yet, paradoxically, for those towns lying deepest in the snow belt of the state's north-to-south mountain chain a new prosperity is being felt with all the power of a young avalanche. The economic force thus asserting itself is skiing. In increasing numbers the Vermont farmer, once the very spine of the state's working class, is not a farmer at all anymore. If he is lucky enough to live anywhere near the Green Mountains, he has gone into the real-estate business, and the yield of his land is no longer reckoned in tons of hay and pounds of butterfat. Instead he calculates its value as the potential site of a ski lodge or a restaurant or a gas station to serve the skier. And if he cannot realize \$8,000 on an acre he bought for \$10 a few years ago, he has not caught the spirit of the times. In the towns the people who used to supply the farmer with whiffletrees for his plow and gingham for his wife are smiling, too. Trading with that new, Tyrolean-style hotel in the old alfalfa field down the road brightens up the winter far more than the general store's potbellied stove ever did.

It is true, of course, that cows still outnumber people in Vermont, but it is also true that the number of farms has been cut in half in the last two decades, and farming, as a source of individual income, is fading away. Skiing is going in just the other direction, and at an even faster pace. In 1966, for example, Vermonters estimated that its citizens took in \$55 million from all tourists, summer and winter. But at that time the amount left behind by skiers was so negligible the economists did not even bother to guess at it. By 1955 they were counting it up with greedy joy. In that year the state made \$12.7 million from skiers alone, or about four times the money made on Vermont's renowned maple sugar industry. Vermont government public-relations men were so buoyed up by this happy intelligence that printers were or-

dered to redo all the state's promotional literature. Overnight "Unspoiled Vermont" was altered to read "Enjoy VERMONT . . . the FOUR Season Recreation State."

Skiing has continued to grow. Last year it produced \$35 million in Vermont income. Today general tourism, with an annual total of \$135 million, now leads farm income in the state by almost \$10 million. The estimate for this winter, up some more, is two million skier-days. While in Vermont, the skiers—85% of whom come from out of state—are expected to spend \$20 a day on everything from lift tickets to lodging to "Slon's" Liniment. The total outlay—\$40 million—will be twice as much as four years ago. Figuring an average annual snowfall of 120 inches, this means that snow will have yielded Vermont a tidy \$333,333 an inch come spring. Furthermore, the \$40 million may be only an indication of the sums that will be spent in the years ahead by skiing entrepreneurs buying land and putting up new lifts, lodges and equipment shops.

"It might not sound like much elsewhere," says one Brattleboro banker, "but right now my bank alone has \$7 million lent out for ski-related construction and business in southern Vermont. That's a fair piece of business around here, and at 6% that's just fine." Says Vermont's skiing governor, Phil Hoff: "You can't imagine what some of these ski areas have done for the little towns near them. Sick or dying economies have been completely revitalized. There is winter employment and there is a new supply of tax money going into town and state treasuries. Skiing is probably the most important thing that has happened in this state in years."

This bullish state of affairs has not necessarily turned the head of every true Vermonter; in the past if the native has not derived direct benefit from skiers he has tended to deny them praise. Schoolchildren have sometimes written "Skiers, Go Home" on the sidewalks, and a Wilmington lawyer tells this story: "I heard a couple of frostitben sugar farmers talking last winter," he says, "and they were damning Mt. Snow up the road. They were bragging that they belonged to a sugar pool that made \$14,000 not long ago, so who needs the skiers? Well, I'd hate for them to find out that Mt. Snow probably banks \$14,000 every Sat-

urday and Sunday in the winter. And I don't worry about the others who say skiing has done nothing for them. I help them with their income-tax returns, and I know better. My goodness, you should see how some of the bone doctors are making out."

The wheel of a jacked-up Model T Ford powered the first ski tow in Vermont (and in the U.S., for that matter), in Woodstock in 1934. And though the lift paid back its inventors after two weekends, none in the handful of skiers who saw its clanking birth could possibly guess that within 29 years it would spawn the state's present total of 40 major resorts. For certain, no one could have predicted a flock of offspring that would include the likes of the chrome-plated, finny phenomenon called Mt. Snow in the southern part of the state.

By volume of skiers the largest ski area in the world, Mt. Snow is an extension of the whizbang personality of its developer, Connecticut's Walter Schoenknecht (SI, March 20, 1961), who opened his supermarket ski area in 1954. With such come-ons as plenty of lifts, a skating rink, heated outdoor swimming pool, indoor "Japanese health pools," etc., Mt. Snow's effect on the nearby towns of West Dover and Wilmington and relatively distant Bennington has been epochal.

"You get the idea," says Bennington Restaurateur Jimmy Playotes, "when I tell you we used to close up after Columbus Day. Now we take a deep breath on Columbus Day and get ready for the rush." The rush comes mostly from New York City and the Middle Atlantic states, the home grounds of 75% of Vermont-bound skiers. Like a decorated spider web, huge, bustling Mt. Snow lurks just a scant 30 miles up the road from Bennington, and there are few eastern skiers who have not sampled its attractions at least once.

Wee Moran, a grizzled, garrulous French Canadian, remembers Wilmington, the turnoff town for Mt. Snow, before the advent of Schoenknecht. "I was in the garage business doing poorly," he says, "and, for the most part, all of us here in town sat around idly contemplating life and its tribulations. We might have watched TV or gone someplace in the car, only we didn't have that kind of money. It was sort of like the Sahara—but without camels. Then Mt. Snow I

went into the ski-shop business. Bought this place for \$6,500. Last year I grossed \$40,000 on everything from Austrian skis to Callard & Bowser's Celebrated Butter-Scotch, and my profit was \$11,000. If I wanted to sell out tomorrow, which I don't imagine I do, I could get \$25,000. If I wanted to drive a hard bargain, I have no doubt that I could get more."

Across the street and down a way is Wilmington's state-owned liquor store, a fast-growing, post-Mt. Snow innovation. Last year's sales were \$30,000 greater than the previous year's, says the manager, and at least 65% of the business was with out-of-state skiers. It is not that skiers come to Vermont to drink inordinate amounts of whisky, but they do know a bargain when they see one. Vermont liquor prices are almost one dollar less per fifth than those in New York and Massachusetts, and there is a brisk by-the-case business despite laws in some nearby states forbidding excessive importation. In serving its thrifty visitors, the state also serves itself: for each fifth of liquor sold, \$1.02 in taxes goes into the state till.

Just a few steps from the liquor store is Ralph Howe Jr.'s drugstore, a hand-me-down from his grandfather, who opened for business in 1887. Howe is a terse, thin-lipped man and not one for leaping to conclusions. But he is tentatively persuaded that Mt. Snow has probably helped his business—some. "Anyway, we've expanded twice in the last nine years," he says, "and I guess everybody in town has felt the effect, one way or another, to some degree. It used to be you were doing well if you could get your winter fuel bill paid for during the summer. I don't think that's a big worry anymore."

Five miles from Wilmington up Highway 100 is West Dover, where, they say, not one new house had been built prior to Mt. Snow since 1885. Several hundred homes and lodges, motels and restaurants have sprung up lately, and just keeping the real-estate record books up to date has become a full-time job for the town clerk. "Now, you take us," says W. Irving Dunn, proprietor of Dunn's General Store in West Dover. "We opened in 1955 in a shoe box, and we've had to knock down a wall and build on three times in three years. But just try to find somebody to help out clerking. Used

to be hardly anyone had a job in winter; now everybody is calling himself a carpenter and driving nails every which way. Shorthanded as we are, we try to take care of our customers as best we can."

The building boom and the winter labor shortage probably will prevail in West Dover and environs for some time to come. "We have an \$85 million, 20-year development plan, you know," says Walt Schoenknecht, "and when we get that done we'll begin to tear down and start over."

Schoenknecht's latest major improvement is a \$1 million hotel which, he says, has put at least \$700,000 into Vermont hands, and his winter staff now draws a \$26,000 payroll every week. "But there's a hitch," says the man who is seldom bothered by hitches for long. "Land around here—it used to go for \$5, 510 an acre, maybe—is getting so darned expensive—up to, gee, maybe \$10,000—that not too many can afford to build a lodge. What we've got to do is put reins on the real-estate business. We need more beds."

Mt. Snow's sphere of influence extends far beyond its own neighborhood. Farther north in the state, they say it attracts and interests New York City's unhectic snow bunnies, thank heavens. Down south they say its overflow feeds the lift lines of smaller competitors. Everywhere they admit Mt. Snow's advertising budget—\$71,000 and six times what the state spends promoting skiing—has helped enormously to sell the sport for the benefit of all. Arnold White, who with his father Harold operates Hogback Mountain some 10 miles southeast of Mt. Snow, says, "Naturally we were worried when they first opened Snow. We're a pretty small operation, and we didn't know how bad we might be hurt by a colossus. Well, we weren't hurt, we were helped. We've been discovered by a lot of people, you know? Dad and I wish they'd build two more Mt. Snows just like the first."

Though not patterned along the same gaudy lines as Mt. Snow, a complex of three other major areas is situated less than 20 miles north of Mt. Snow—Stratton Mountain, Magic Mountain and Big Bromley.

Around Stratton Mountain, the most

southerly of the group, prosperity is, again, a thing called share-the-wealth. Stratton has been largely developed with Vermont money in the last four years (Mt. Snow, Bromley and several of their far-northern neighbors like Mad River and Stowe were started with out-of-state capital) and is in a curious geographical position. It lies mainly within the township of Stratton, Vt. but is accessible by paved road only through the town of Bondville. Consequently, Stratton (pop. 25) gets more than \$10,000 from the ski area annually in taxes, while Bondville (pop. 255) gets all the food, motel and service station business. "I must say," says Mrs. Ina Coleman, Bondville's town clerk, "I fought against them putting the resort up there as hard as anyone here, but when I saw we weren't getting anywhere I said, 'Oh heck, if we can't beat 'em, let's join 'em.' And you know, that's turned out to be the best idea. Sure, we used to be pretty quiet around here—retiring people, mostly—but that's not true these days. Mr. Coleman—that's my husband—bought a jeep with a snowplow on the front end, and he ought to have it paid for this winter, clearing driveways and what all. You can sure say it's working out real good."

It is working out real good in nearby South Londonderry, too, a town of 250, which caters both to Stratton and to Magic Mountain skiers. The Peabody House has recently opened its doors again after being vacant for 30 years, and it is already booked through the Twelve Days of Christmas. "The new owners paid \$5,000 for the place and put \$10,000 into renovations," confides Hugh Deane, who runs a hardware store. "I sold them all the hardware they needed, so I've got few complaints about skiers. Of course, they have messed up the traffic some in South Derry. We had our first jam here last winter, and there was a mighty bad parking situation for a while." With true Yankee ingenuity, South Londonderry's town fathers solved the parking problem with dispatch. They put up no-parking signs.

Abraham Lincoln used to summer near Big Bromley when Vermont was strictly a three-season state. Nowadays the Big Bromley ski area is a pulsing wintertime resort whose last maintenance man made more money than Vermont's \$13,750 governor. ("Doesn't

continued

surprise me a bit," says Phil Hoff.) "Before we got here people in this area were on relief in many cases," says Sally Palbst, who runs Big Bromley with her husband Fred. "There was summer work, of course, but when the snow began to fall the line began to form back at the welfare office."

"Still, not everybody wants to admit that tourism is the only worthwhile business left in the area. Selling eggs and milk certainly isn't profitable anymore, but some of the oldtimers resent the change and resent, I guess, their dependence on foreigners. They're the ones who say the things at home that make the kids say, 'Skiers, go home.' That's nonsense. If the skiers did go home and didn't come back, this town would dry up like a raisin. They don't like to think about that."

One who does think about that is Mrs. Margaret Knothe, the owner of Colburn House, an inn in neighboring Manchester. "Before there was any skiing around here," says Mrs. Knothe, "the men left town in the winter looking for work. There was a saying that one wooden nickel was passed around among the merchants."

The same line of how-it-was, how-it-is talk can be heard farther north around Warren, a town central to the Sugarbush, Mad River and new Glen Ellen ski areas. Warren was once a prosperous town of lumber mills. Today it is reduced industrially to one bobbin factory with 24 employees. The fact that Warren is not a depressed area is due entirely to the ski business, a circumstance Warren once recognized by illustrating the cover of its annual town report with a photograph of the Sugarbush gondola lift. The area employs 100 Warren citizens, and in the opinion of Damon Gadd, Sugarbush president, Warren will be a completely healthy resort town in a couple of years. Elwin Kingsbury, an ex-farmer who runs the Shell station in Warren, is already on his way to new financial well-being. "I used to have 60 head of milch cows," he says, "but I've cut down to 40 since opening the station last December. And do you know, I'm making twice as much return on the money invested than I ever did on the dairy? I say, 'Hello, skiers, welcome.' And if you meet any-

body looking for some land around these parts, be sure and tell them mine's for sale."

Probably somebody will snap up that land before too very long; it is hard by the access road to Sugarbush. Says Emma Ford, a talkative Warren real estate agent, "They started carrying humans up Sugarbush in those gondola cars on the 26th day of December of 19 and 58—I say humans because they used bags of feed for a spell testing everything—and since that time folks have spent almost \$6 million—I said million—buying land and building houses and motels and restaurants and you-just-name-it. And they tell me over in Fayston up by Mad River the town debt has been going down faster than one of those ski-jump things because of all the new taxes and the like. [Fayston's debt has plummeted from \$26,302 in 1957 to \$1,969 in 1963, and the picture on its annual report is the brand-new grammar school.] Of course there's no denying this skiing causes us some extra expenses, too. For instance, we paid out \$25,000 to blacktop the road up to Sugarbush. But don't you see, it was like building a rainbow? The pot of gold they talk about is sitting up there shining on the other end."

Vermont's biggest pot of gold is the Mt. Mansfield-Spruce Peak ski area near the town of Stowe—and commonly called by that name. The General Motors of eastern skiing, Stowe sprouted out of the ruins of a lush summer-tourist business that withered during the Depression. It was, in fact, CCC camp work crews who helped clear timber and build the first ski trails down the flanks of Mt. Mansfield, while town bankers snorted and dismissed the sport as more faddish than the New Deal.

Today the ski fad in the Stowe area is a \$12 million enterprise, employing 1,000 people, and that makes skiing the biggest single business within a 36-mile radius of Stowe—an area, incidentally, that takes in the state capital, Montpelier. The income of the Mt. Mansfield Co. exceeds all other ski areas in the state (it outstrips Mt. Snow by more than \$1 million) and, with the exception of a lumber mill and a woodware factory, skiing is about all there is in the town of 1,750. "I used to work up at Stowe in the Green Mountain Inn when I was a lot younger," says Manchester's

Mrs. Knothe, "and one day my parents came to visit. When they saw how we-cebego Stowe was—falling-down buildings and peeling paint—they told me I had to come back home. Now you look at Stowe and hardly believe your eyes. It must be one of the prettiest little towns in New England."

Sepp Ruschp, president of the Mt. Mansfield Co., conducts business in a deep-carpeted, paneled office that befits his station, and he thinks skiing can have the same good effect all over the state. "Maybe Bondville and Warren aren't much to speak of today, but they're just getting started as resort towns. Both of them may someday be rivaling Stowe. Naturally," Ruschp adds, "we have Mt. Mansfield, which God made..."

As noted earlier, not all Vermonters are eager to see such towns as Bondville and Warren become resorts—for all their potential profit. Some of them complain, for example, that the mountainsides have been scarred by trails and lifts. Some dislike the crowding of village streets and, as one banker grouched, "It's getting so you have to make reservations when you want to go out to dinner on Saturday night, if you can imagine." (On the other hand, Brattleboro cleaned up last New Year's, towing skiers' disabled cars at \$20 each during a bitter cold snap.) "You might compare a lot of us to the natives on Cape Cod, only with the seasons reversed," says a Wilmington merchant. "We're mighty glad to see the skiers get out of here in the spring, but we wait all summer and fall for them to come back."

Perhaps it is all a matter of becoming accustomed to change in a state never noted for its radical ways. But in the statehouse the philosophy of change is taking hold. Says Phil Hoff, the first Democratic governor in Vermont in 109 years: "Not long ago we put a new coat of gold leaf on the dome of the capitol, and while the workmen were up there I had a funny idea. Maybe someday somebody will put another statue up there along with Ceres, the goddess of agriculture, because she's getting out of date. Perhaps they'll put up the figure of a man on skis. And whom do you think it will look like? I bet a cross between Sepp Ruschp and Walt Schoenkecht."

For another aspect of the ski boom in Vermont, turn page



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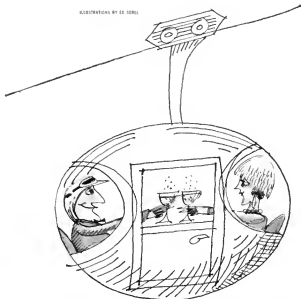


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by EZRA BOWEN

SOME SPICE FOR THE SUGAR

A glittering Vermont ski spe called Sugarbush has carefully cultivated an aura of jet-set snobbery that makes the insiders who ski there feel way out and the outsiders who have never dared the place feel out in the cold

While prosperity in most Vermont ski areas is indeed a thing called share-the-wealth, there is one resort that does a marvelous business by seeming to want to share nothing. This is Sugarbush, whose management has persuaded a fair slice of New York's cafe society to come and play on winter weekends. By creating special little welcoming enclaves for the *haut monde* and indulging in some artificial semisnobbing of nearly everyone else, Sugarbush has made itself absolutely irresistible to all the people whose secret dream is to be allowed to pass under the rope.

Everything about Sugarbush has a special style, from the brightly colored cars on the Italian-designed gondola lift to the jet-set clientele that swept in

when the resort opened in 1958 to the scribbles under the phone just outside the men's room. Instead of the usual information about Gloria, one scribble says, "Fight Mental Health." For skiers who live in New York there is even a special way to get to Sugarbush. This is a private bus and, like anything else connected with Sugarbush, the bus, coyly nicknamed the Melibus or Sugarbus, has little chic overtones that make the occasional Outs who ride the bus feel Outer, and the Ins, Inner.

The idea of a private bus, chartered from Greyhound every weekend from New Year's Day to the end of good skiing, was started by East Side Architect Alexander (Sundy) McIlvaine, who has since turned the running of it

over to such gold-plated stewards as America's Cup Crewman Buddy Bombard and Dolph Cramer, a New York ore dealer. It loads up in midtown Manhattan every Friday at 5 p.m., and McIlvaine, who also has his architectural paw in numerous Sugarbush houses, charges \$15 (\$22 round trip), including what is called the lunch. This is really supper, a sandwich washed down with white wine. It may be preceded by a crude cocktail if one is smart enough to have brought a bottle—or can get a bottle owner to share. The various goodies are served by two stewardesses—Cramer's wife and Bombard's chosen morale officer for the current weekend—who get a free ride or a cut-rate ride in return for chores. The bus driver is a

(continued)

very attractive white-haired man named Johnny McBride, who does TV and fashion modeling when he is not driving the bus.

The last time I rode up, a strict no-flirting-with-driver-while-bus-is-in-motion rule was reiterated for the benefit of one of the stewardesses (a society-type predecessor of the present incumbents.) She had become bored with the trip, which took about six hours despite the fact that McBride pulled over at one point to remove the governor on the throttle.

On this same ride, I am happy to say, there was very little group singing. (On an earlier trip there had been much *Duns by the Old Mill Stream* done in not very close harmony.) There was, however, much congregating in the aisle of the bus, drink in hand, and a fair amount of seat-hopping. The fraternizing continued, at a rising decibel rate, for the entire 290 miles. I was surprised at so much jolly chatter. A great many of the passengers are repeaters, and I had thought they would give it the old Oyster Bay, "Hi, how are you? God,

wonderful to see you," and then lapse into a six-hour coma. Not at all. The single ladies, of whom there are always several, do some vigorous spade work on the journey as insurance against a lonely weekend. And although a few of the males tend toward silence, they are basically party-oriented. The only professional travelers are the stewardesses, who may at any moment swing themselves up into the baggage rack and snooze the miles away.

Until this year the Vermont terminal for the bus was the parking lot of the Sugarbush Inn, which is always just about two degrees warmer than McMurdo Sound. It has since been changed to Elwin Kingsbury's thriving Shell station, which is just a little colder. From here the troops disperse. A fair number go on to Stowe or Mad River by taxi or in cars that usually won't start.

My own experience with local transport was fairly typical. I was staying with the late Peter Estin, a postwar-vintage Dartmouth racer, who, despite mountains of evidence to the contrary, swore he always went to bed at a quarter of

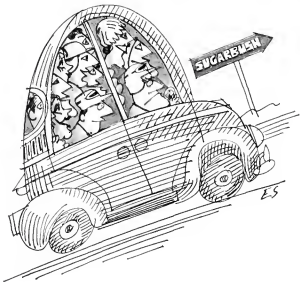
10. My car, which had broken down in Sugarbush President Damon Gadd's impossible driveway the week before, had been undergoing the cure at the Shell station and was supposed to be waiting in the parking lot. It wasn't. Therefore I tackled Sandy McIlvaine, who agreed to give me a lift. By the time I got my baggage to his car every cubic inch was filled by utter strangers who had piled themselves and their impedimenta into Sandy's car, pleading for a ride to an inn called the Inferno. I poked up everything (the temperature this late March night was a certifiable 5° below zero) and galloped over to a Volkswagen that had been snowed in and had a dead battery. In return for promising to push it out of the parking lot, I was allowed to load my equipment aboard. My body could follow if the car started. So I pushed the car out of the lot, and it started rolling down the road that winds along the hill to the inn. It rolled and rolled, over a rise, around a corner and out of sight. Fifteen minutes later (temperature still 5° below) it had not returned.

My next move was into Sugarbush Inn, there to buttonhole a friendly native who volunteered to drive me to Estin's. First we tooted down the hill to find the Volkswagen, which was standing at the side of the road, lights out, engine dead as a smelt. After more transloading, we muddled along to Estin's.

Twenty minutes later McIlvaine, white with rage, stomped through Estin's door. McIlvaine understood I had a brown bag. Could he see it, please. I showed it to him. "Oh, damn it!" Seems that of the six passengers he had taken to the Inferno, five had decided they really weren't going there at all and had demanded a ride back to the Sugarbush Inn. Once there they had piled out, bag and, apparently, everybody's baggage. McIlvaine had pursued them, found nothing, and then by some odd process, concluded that it was I who had made off with his bag. Not having his suitcase, we offered instead a mild sedative (brandy), which he grumpily refused as he headed out once more on his frozen quest, followed by his wife (now former wife), clad in galoshes and despair. Having failed in our charity toward McIlvaine, we drank the brandy ourselves and shuffled off to bed. Time: 2:20 a.m.

Next morning no one seemed terribly ready, at least in my dim eyes, for the

continued



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A BLEND OF
VIRGINIA BRIGHT,
KENTUCKY BURLY
OLD BELT BRIGHT,
LATAKIA
AND PERIQUE

day's skiing. Outside it was still cold as the ninth circle, the snow was like white brick, and the wind was blowing a good 20 knots. The others seemed to gather strength as the day passed. Bolstered by a fistful of chocolate bars and the prospect of a self-imposed 5 p.m. collapse, I held on through the afternoon. I was just preparing to execute the collapse—into Estin's bed—when I was told to get ready for the party. This turned out to be a birthday celebration at Ski Club Ten for Igor (Ghigli) Cassini, who, until a recent bit of stickiness, wrote a regular society column under the pen name of Cholly Knickerbocker. Ski Club Ten is the heart of Sugarbush, a tastefully rustic building full of marvelous wines and equally marvelous girls, such as Fashion Model Cindy Hollings-



worth (see cover). This is where the Sugarbush people go to feel distinct from the herd and to eat lunch. Usually the place closes before supper as a favor to club member Armando Orsini, whose Sugarbush branch restaurant does all its business at night. But on this night Club Ten stayed open for Ghigli.

I went with Estin, who swiftly vanished into the party, while I vanished into obscurity, finally fetching up against a plump, freckled, 40ish lady who felt about as relaxed in this swift company as I did. This was a costume party, a fact that most of the males had ignored but the women had not, a surprising majority of them appearing skirtless with black silk stockings and high heels that gave you lots of leg. The best of the legs belonged to Skeeter Werner, who had recently retired from international ski racing, and Faith McIlvane, who had by now shed both her galoshes and her despair.

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At first there was a photographer scurrying around snapping pictures with a battery of flashbulbs which, in this dim cave, left one's eyes with a Hiroshima halo for some minutes after each firing. The party finally ended when a fat stockbroker, who shall remain nameless, became weary and went outside to rest his eyes. As a resting place he chose the frozen mud beneath his Jaguar, where he lay, feet protruding into the dark road. Hareourt (Bill) Amory went to the rescue of his good old friend the stockbroker, a charity to which the good old friend responded by leaping up and punching Bill in the face. This made everyone feel fairly morose, and we all went home.

The day after the party I staggered up the mountain with Peter Estin and

BOOK OF AMERICAN SKIING

This account of a weekend at Sugarbush, the ski resort in the north-rich Vermont ski country, is adapted from The Book of American Skiing, to be published this week (1/15).

his mountain class. This is a regular crew of Club Ten people who used to take a long lesson with Peter on Saturdays and Sundays. They are a very fit Moroccan-looking lot—cool, but among themselves very jolly, quite good-looking, extremely sophisticated, foreign or quasi-foreign in accent, and all very good skiers. Their vitality is amazing. The previous night's do-for old Ghigli had been, apparently, just the restful interlude they needed to prepare them for a day on the mountain. And, I understand, on any weekend neither red wine nor black morning takes one second from their skiing.

The group this day included the Count Vittorio Camerana and his wife Cristina, Armando Orsini, Peter Estin and one or two swing camp followers. Also in the group was a stocky, dark-haired young man, clad entirely in lemon yellow, who was smoking a cigar rather awkwardly and chattering in French and Italian as we rode up in the gondola. We skied the lift line fairly fast, and the young man kept babbling in various Mediterranean tongues as he flashed in and out of the moguls on the hard-packed slope.

"Ah," I said to myself, "a friend of Orsini's from Italy."

Halfway down the lift line we made a left onto a hairy trail that winds along

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through a lot of birch trees. The snow was deep, cut up and a little crusty. The young man still skied fast, but now not so steadily. I stopped at the first turn and looked back just as he spun in a cloud of snow. He arose, smiled, said something in French and came down another 20 yards. Suddenly he went down again in another cloud of snow. This time he arose silently, lurched another few feet and almost fell again. The next word he spoke was pure Anglo-Saxon, delivered with pure New York inflection, and that was the end of the Romance languages for that afternoon.

When the young man was reorganized, we set out after the main body of the expedition. It was just around the next turn, observing the top of a small aspen whose trunk had suffered some recent bark peeling. Clinging to the top of the aspen, bending it with his weight, was a porcupine. Vittorio began tugging at the tree, apparently to get the porky close enough to grab. Cristina slid over toward me. "How do you call that—that anneemah?"

"A porcupine," said I.

"Ah," said she, "an *porc-épic*."

"Out," said I, "an *porc-épic*."

"Oh," said she. "It would make a vine hat."

At this point Vittorio decided not to grab the porky and risk a swat from the prickly tail. Instead he contented himself with shaking the anneemah down into the snow. Once on the snow, the porcupine set off into the woods with a marvelous, rolling gait. "Aha," said Cristina, "he has a good backside, I think, for merengue." And with that the mountain class swept off through the trees once more.

END



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***IT'S WINTERTIME,
SO LET'S PLAY TENNIS***

by REX LARDNER



Frohbaten players at the New Canaan (Conn.) Field Club's platform tennis court can thaw out between sets in a cozy heated pagoda.

The tennis fans of Connecticut and its neighboring states are a hardy lot—at least, a significant and growing number of them are. When winter winds begin to howl and snow blankets their courts, these intrepid racketeers neither give up their ball-banging nor take up squash; they deck themselves instead in a special kind of warm winter finery and move on to a structure of wood and wire to play a game called platform tennis.

Not quite tennis, not quite squash, not quite even the puddle tennis familiar to city parks and playgrounds, platform tennis derives from all of them and has a special distinction of its own: it is ideally suited to bad weather. Usually made of Douglas fir or an exceptionally weather-resistant mahogany from Australia, the tennis platform is 60 feet long and 30 feet wide and is completely enclosed by a wire fence 12 feet high. The doubles court measures 44 feet

continued

by 20 and gives players plenty of room to maneuver at the sides of the court and behind the baseline. The singles court is the same length but four feet narrower. However, average players undertake singles with the greatest reluctance, since the game is considered too strenuous for one man on a side. The playing surface is covered with a gritty, sand-filled paint to provide nonskid footing in slippery weather. Quarter-inch spaces between the boards make it easy to sweep away rain or slush, and removable boards at the side of the court simplify snow clearance. The platform-tennis ball is durable sponge rubber, painted a bright phosphorescent orange for high visibility in all weather conditions. It is heavier than a tennis ball and hence more stable in gusts of wind. The racket is made of sturdy wood, drilled with holes to lessen wind resistance.

For the most part, the rules governing platform tennis are the same as those governing lawn tennis, and the scoring is identical. Standard tennis strokes like the lob, the overhead smash, the drop shot and the drop volley are an important part of every platform player's repertoire. There are, however, significant differences in the two games. For one, the platform player is allowed only one serve instead of two—a rule that reduces the emphasis on service. For another, the platform player can take a shot on the rebound off the wire fencing that surrounds the court, provided the ball already has bounced once in his court.

It is this rule and the existence of the fence that largely determine the tactics of platform tennis. Neophytes soon

lessly scraping smashes off the fence, can win points simply by waiting for its opponents to hit the ball out of the court or into the net. If the slammer slams the ball into his opponents' court so violently that it bounces over the fence, the point is a let and must be played over. Rules discouraging slams also save players from having to wade through snowbanks in search of the ball.

The existence of the fence as a prime tactical factor has made a stroke called the smother shot one of the most effective in the game. This is a soft smash struck almost vertically with a good deal of wrist, so that the ball develops a high trajectory and, coming down, barely brushes the back fence, giving the receiver very little room to swing his paddle at the ball. The resultant tense huddling by the fence and the fact that platform players spend much of their time facing away from the net give the game an air peculiarly apart. This distinctive quality is further evidenced in the attitudes and costumes of its devotees.

Platform tennis had its beginning in 1928 when Fessenden S. Blanchard, a marketing consultant of Scarsdale, N.Y., and his friend, the late James K. Cogswell, started to play a kind of paddle tennis on a board court to keep fit in bad weather. To avoid having to chase the ball down the road or into a neighbor's yard, Messrs. Blanchard and Cogswell erected a wire backstop on their court. Then, one winter, the most electrifying event in the history of the game occurred. One of Blanchard's opponents hit a ball that landed in court, flew up and stuck in the backstop. "It's still in play!" cried the fiery Blanchard, a fearless improviser when it came to rules. He ran around behind the fence, gave the ball a terrific swat and sent it back into the court of his opponents. Catching the spirit of the moment, Blanchard's partner fought off the attacks of their adversaries until Blanchard made his way back into court. At last they won the point. After some (occasionally heated) discussion, the rule permitting the taking of a ball off the backstop was accepted, and a revolutionary new game was born.

The game has turned out to be surprisingly popular. Because it is much easier to catch on to than tennis, beginners can join the fun after a few practice swats. Because power is not

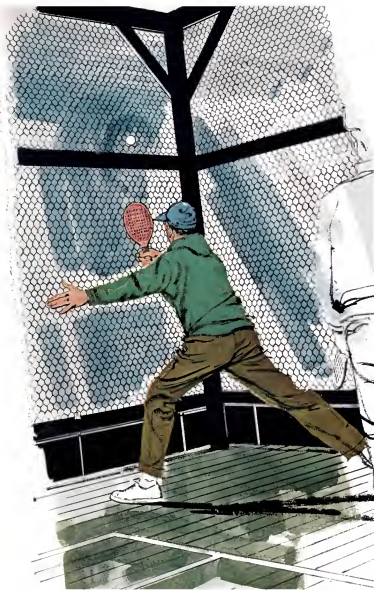
a vital factor, ladies play as enthusiastically as men, and husbands can team up with wives in mixed doubles without danger of sardonic comments and injured looks. Scores of husband-and-wife teams have entered the national mixed doubles championships in platform tennis' short history, while very few husband-and-wife teams have competed for the U.S. mixed doubles tennis championship. Oldsters, taking in the heady tang of the chill air, frisk around like young men of 20 when they step on the court. And there is an air of cheery sociability and sportiveness

continued

Platform teams decussate a uniform all its own—wooley, anorthodox but nonetheless practical.

discover that the sharply angled smash and sizzling drive of the standard game are not the most effective shots in platform. Caught on the rebound off the fence, such smashes can be returned innumerable times, making the offensive team do the job all over again. One defending player can miss the ball entirely, and his partner, covering for him, can pluck it off the fence and return it. In some cases, if a smash hit by the attacking team rebounds high enough, or far enough away from the fence, the smasher may find himself looking into the mouth of a cannon. A patient team, cease-





about the game, akin to the spirit encountered at a ski slope.

Sociologists, in fact, might find a fertile field of study in the modes and mores that have grown up around platform tennis in New York's suburbs. In Danien, Scarsdale, Hartford and New Canaan it is played with an attitude that seems in part, at least, a revolt against the white-flannel orthodoxy of summertime tennis. It is traditional for suburban players to arrive at the court wearing raccoon coats or wildly patterned parkas. Flight boots or floppy galoshes are worn over sneakers or, better yet, over durable deck shoes. The mortality rate of rubber soles on the sanded surface of the court is high. Regardless of their income bracket, the men wear old flannel trousers festooned with bright patches. (The right trouser knee of right-handed players takes a terrible beating from all the stooping and scooping necessary to return low shots.) A patch in the shape of a heart is a favorite. Head coverings are equally imaginative: derbies, shakos, hushies, natty Alpine hats with brushes, rowing and baseball caps, Sherlock Holmes deerstalker hats, skating caps, fur hats. The ladies are slightly more conservative, wearing slacks or stretch pants of various bright hues, ski sweaters, ear muffs and heavy gloves. One lady from Short Hills, N.J., trying to raise the general level of fashion, wears an all-gold costume.

After the players have warmed up, they go into an act generally known as the platform-tennis striptease—off come the wintry garments one by one until a player is down to trousers or stretch pants and a ski shirt. Players are warned, however, not to roll up their sleeves lest a sudden gust of chill wind give them the equivalent of tennis elbow. Hot coffee is taken to the courts in thermoses or percolated on the spot for those wanting their turn to play. A few platform clubs, such as the New Canaan (Conn.) Field Club, have special warming huts to thaw out chilled players in severely cold weather.

The equipment necessary to all this enjoyment—a wooden court complete with galvanized wire fence, galvanized hardware, creosoted timber supporting the deck, kiln-dried platform lumber and concrete foundation piers—costs about

\$5,000 and can be erected by professionals in a few weeks. Because of the inevitable rush of enthusiasts to any court once it is up, the American Platform Tennis Association recommends that private clubs, such as tennis clubs, erect two courts rather than one.

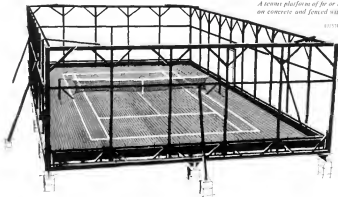
Many tennis clubs, many organizations that are not tennis clubs and many individuals have taken the APTA's advice. Iowa's Grinnell College has two courts, and so has Hotchkiss in Lakesville, Conn. The West Side Tennis Club in metropolitan Forest Hills, N.Y., has two courts and so does the rural Merion Cricket Club. A private devotee has built himself a court on the edge of a cliff in a location well-calculated to make his opponents air sick as they aim serves toward what appears to be empty space.

Those who have played on these and other courts range, on the male side, from Don Budge and Bill Talbert to Pollster George Gallup and Arnet Eldridge King, who drew the pictures on these pages. The spectrum among the women is equally wide. Each year there are increasing numbers of special tournaments: father-son tournaments, father-daughter tournaments, mother-daughter tournaments, and extra-special ones called scrambles (all-male tournaments in which good players are carefully paired with those not so proficient, so that all can have a go at the trophy) and "jumbles" (tournaments in which the better men players are paired with the worse women, and vice versa, again in the interest of evening the odds).

According to the APTA, an organization of 70 platform-tennis clubs, there are now close to 25,000 people who play the game without regard to snow, sleet, storm, ruin nor dark of night (many courts are floodlit with 1,500-watt lamps). In fair weather and foul, from October to April, when tennis players, skiers, ice skaters and golfers are fretting and fuming because there is not enough snow or too much of it, because it is too cold or too warm, because it is too hot or too dry, these platform tennis enthusiasts are happily crying "Take it!" "Mine!" or "Let it go!" "It circulates the blood, improves the breathing and whets the appetite," asserts one platform-happy fan. "It gives you," says another, "something to worry about all winter." **END**

A tennis platform of fir or mahogany, supported on concrete and fenced with wire, costs \$5,000.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELDREDGE KING



A coach even the faculty likes

Win or lose, John Bridgers of Baylor is an anomaly on campus. He really thinks the game is fun

It was gray and misty in Austin, Texas last week as once-defeated Baylor took after undefeated Texas, but the differences in the football philosophies of the two teams were as distinct as one could wish. All week long Texas newspapers had written with more enthusiasm than accuracy that this would be the first time that two such opposites met "at the summit." Defense-minded Texas was trying to win its first national championship and attack-minded Baylor, with the country's top passer, Don Trull, and leading receiver, Larry Elkins, was struggling for its first Southwest Conference title in 40 years. Neither team planned to forsake its style for the game, although each coach pushed praise for the other.

Shortly before the kickoff, Texas' conservative Darrell Royal and Baylor's venturesome John Bridgers met on the field. "John," said Royal, "a lot has been printed in the papers this week and I'm not sure the quotation marks were always in the right places, but I want you to know that if we have to stub our toe this year, I hope it's against you. I think you people do a tremendous job, and I want you to know there's no hard feelings on our part."

"You know I feel the same," said Bridgers. "The kids decide the games, anyhow, don't they?"

The "kids" certainly did. Don Trull completed 19 passes for 204 yards and Elkins caught 12 of them for 125 yards, but the difference between the two teams

was Texas' unrelenting defense which, with hard tackling on the receivers and a furious rush on Trull, made each completion more difficult than the last one. From the end of the first until early in the fourth quarter, Baylor made only one first down. Quarterback Duke Carlisle then came on to play defense in the closing minutes and protect Texas' 7-0 lead, gained on a third-period touchdown. Carlisle's last contribution was a brilliant interception in the end zone. He dove in front of Elkins to take a Trull pass from the Texas 19-yard line, with just 22 seconds left.

In the SWC, where defense-oriented field position football has been dominant ever since Royal started winning with the method in 1957, there will be many saying that they knew all along what the outcome would be. Among them will be Baylor alumni, a large number of whom have become desperate over their school's inability ever to win an SWC title. "They are suffering," said one local businessman not long ago, "from an alarming and deepening neurosis." Another Waco man asked plaintively, "Is it too much to ask for one conference championship in a lifetime?"

The old grads cost Bridgers' predecessors—George Sauer and Sam Boyd—their jobs, although in six years (1950-

1955) Sauer's teams had a fine 38-21-3 record and in 1956 Boyd's 8-2 team went to the Sugar Bowl where it beat Tennessee. Last year, Bridgers' fourth at Baylor, they threatened to take his job when his team started in a slump and lost five of its first six games.

The main charges against Bridgers were that he was soft on his players, he kept players of proven inability on his teams, he passed too much and failed to emphasize the defensive game, and he lacked the "killer instinct" when he had a rival team beaten badly. To all, Bridgers gladly pleaded guilty, which was something like a Puritan telling the witch-hunters that he did not believe in God. But did the alumni get Bridgers' scalp? They did not. Just as the campaign to oust Bridgers got really hot, President Abner McCall of Baylor announced that he had signed Bridgers to an unexpected five-year contract. Explained the President, "We had a group that was all set for a new coach. I thought it was time to put that idea to rest." McCall went on to say: "He had proven himself to be a man of principle, unshakable principle. I didn't want to take a chance on losing John."

In an era when coaches think football is war, and war is hell, John Dixon Bridgers is a refreshing iconoclast who

continued



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not only believes that football is a game but thinks it should be played for fun. Consider, for instance, these heretical practices which, should they become accepted, might unravel the wool and warp of heavy-pressure college football:

- Nobody has ever been cut from a Bridgers' squad just because he cannot play good football.
- Nobody has ever been eased out of college in order to save a scholarship for a more deserving player.
- Nobody raises a voice against a player in practice, nor criticizes him openly. Laughter is considered as much a part of practice as calisthenics.
- Bridgers believes that the name of the game does not necessarily have to be "knock." "Trull's one of the best players in the country," says Bridgers, "and he never hurt a soul. He couldn't if he wanted to. That's my kind of player—a thinker, not a hitter."
- Bridgers believes a rule is a rule, even if it costs him dearly. "Bridgers gives character-building meaning," says Dr. McCall. "A few years ago a lineman who meant a lot to the team got into a scrape. A dean asked John what he wanted to do about the boy. 'He violated the rules, didn't he?' John asked. 'Then pack him on home.'"

A more celebrated case involved Bobby Maples, a 6-foot-4, 230-pound All-Southwest Conference freshman quarterback who got married the summer between his freshman and sophomore years. Bridgers has a rule against marriages before the junior year, since he feels they interfere with school (not football). He will not encourage them by continuing scholarship aid and he refused to make an exception for Maples, even though a wealthy graduate offered to pay Maples' tuition. Alabama announced that Maples was transferring there, and the reaction from Waco practically broke the glass in Dr. McCall's office. Happily, Maples' parents relented when Bridgers would not. They agreed to pay for his school bills at Baylor.

- Even under severe pressure, Bridgers refuses to bench offenders when they make mistakes. "They're college boys," he says, "not paid professionals, and as long as I'm coach I'll make decisions and run this team."
- Bridgers insists on leaving the game to his players. "Coach Bridgers thinks initiative is part of playing football," says Trull. "He trains the quarterbacks

to call their own game, then says they're on their own. I checked off more than 15 times in the Arkansas game [Baylor won 14-10 in what at the time was considered a huge upset] and from what he said later, I guess the coach was pleased."

- Finally, Bridgers gets along with the faculty. Dr. Ralph Lynn, professor of history, said: "I have been here since 1946 and Bridgers is the first coach we've ever had who came to graduation exercises. He's the first one to take part in the campus life in general. I remember when we'd get more than our share of thugs for football players. But John Bridgers changed all that. And he's changed my ideas about football not belonging on the college campus, too. He is my kind of coach."

The pros liked him, too

Surprisingly, these examples of Bridgersiana, which might strike some as naive, impressed professionals as much as they did the Baylor players. For two years, Bridgers was line coach with the Baltimore Colts. He had come from Johns Hopkins, the very much de-emphasized school (SI, Dec. 3, 1956), a fact that was a source of vast heavy-handed humor for the tough Colt linemen.

"I've played ball for an awful lot of coaches," jibed All-Pro tackle Art Donovan when Bridgers first appeared, "but never did I think I'd end up playing for a refugee from Johns Hopkins." Some players called Bridgers "Hopkins," but, like Donovan, they eventually respected him and regarded him with special affection. "Coaching is understanding," says Colt tackle Jim Parker, "and John has lots of that. He's excellent. He always told you if you did a good job or a poor one, and you didn't have to wait around dying a slow death to get the word. If he asked me to come to Baylor to help him, I'd go, even if I had to pay my own way. He's that kind of guy."

All-Pro Halfback Lenny Moore says: "You just wanted to do a damn good job for him. He treated you like a man. He'd stay after practice to help anyone who wanted it. Big Duddy Lipscomb would do anything for John. Our defense broke the club record and we were the NFL champions when John was there, and he had a lot to do with our success." Baltimore tackle George Preas adds, "He had to prove himself, but he did, in quick time, too. It was his hard work and character that won us over."

After four years under Bridgers, NFL

Rookie of the Year Ronnie Bull wrote him a letter. "You are not only an excellent coach," Bull said, "but an excellent example to your players. You will always have me behind you because you played a big role in my life."

Never a big person physically nor even a gifted athlete, Bridgers attended Auburn on a football scholarship. His twin brother Frank, now the president of a mechanical engineering firm, remembers him as the most competitive person he knew there. "In our senior year," he recalls, "we both took the same trigonometry class. I was a math major, he was in business. My average for the course was 99. His was 100."

Bridgers worked hard and made the squad but never won a football letter. He graduated with the highest scholastic average in the School of Business, turned down a fellowship at Yale Law School and took a job as coach at Sewanee in middle Tennessee in order to support his wife, Frances. The Bridgers have a married daughter, Cindy, and two boys, Don and Dixon. Father John is more interested in his sons' grades in school than he is in their ability to play football.

When Bridgers, a Baptist, went to Baylor, a Baptist school, he was not exactly what the alumni wanted, although they did not know it at the time. Dr. McCall did, though. McCall had been responsible for the investigation of Texas A&M when that school was placed on probation by the SWC for flagrant violations of recruiting rules. The investigation made McCall a strong advocate of sane athletic policies.

But Bridgers would like to win as much as the alumni, and Saturday his team came close enough to upsetting Texas to gain recognition as one of the strongest college football teams in the country. "If Elkins had caught that last pass and they had thrown for two points," Royal said after the game, "I don't think I'd ever gotten over it."

And then, like most coaches who, win or lose, play against Bridgers' teams, Royal felt compelled to add something about the man. "He's one of the people I trust. Because we've been winning, our type of program has made it hard for John. Our success has been damaging to him. His alumni throw it up to him that Texas is winning with a running and defensive game. But I'd hate for us to be seven points behind, with only a couple of minutes to play, and try to take the ball as far as they did. Bridgers coaches his type of game better than any I know."

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FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. TEXAS (8-0)
2. BAYLOR (6-2) 3. RICE (4-0)

Neither Baylor feet in green socks nor Texas backs in burnt orange jerseys gave the Longhorns their eighth victory. It was Texas linemen in blackened orange who ground down the latest and most dangerous obstacle in Texas' march to its first national title.

Arkansas already had its own first, but of a less welcome variety. The Razorbacks, who had never lost a game at November under Frank Broyles, were shaved 7-0 by underdog RICE. The Owls utilized a mark-grabbing penalty and a gun on a fumble to score their touchdowns.

One foot from the goal on fourth down, trailing Texas A&M 7-6, SMU Coach Hayden Fry called for a field goal. John Richey's kick won the game 9-7 and kept Fry from being shot and, possibly, stuffed. James Ellis threw four touchdowns passes as rising TEXAS TECH butchered Kansas State 51-13.

THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. OKLAHOMA (8-0)
2. MICHIGAN STATE (6-0) 3. NEBRASKA (7-0)

Before the season hardly anyone would have wagered even a tacky old Confederate bill that MICHIGAN STATE (4-0-1) and Ohio State (3-0-1) would be fighting it out for the Big Ten title and that dark horse Illinois

THE BEST

BACK OF THE WEEK: Sophomore Halfback Joe Labruzzo, playing with a padded injured left arm, gained 109 yards rushing and scored three touchdowns to bring Louisiana State from 14-7 behind to a 28-14 win over TCU.

LINEMAN OF THE WEEK: Guard Bob Brown, Nebraska's outstanding blocker, led a violent charge to help overachieve Keanee Ose, with fourth and one on its own 26, Nebraska streaked behind Brown instead of punting.

would be nudged out of first place by MICHIGAN. But that is the way it was last week.

Michigan's Bump Elliott had some special strategy ready for brother Pete. It was simple: outthrust the braying Illini linemen on offense, give ground before hand-fighting them on defense. It worked so well that frequently the Illinois linemen would lunge forward with the snap, then fall flat on their faces in front of the retreating Wolverines. This unlikely procedure upset the Illini backs that they fumbled six times. With seven minutes to play and Illinois leading 8-7, Jim Warren fumbled and Michigan's John Rowser recovered.

ered on the Illini 11, Mel Anthony plunged over from the one and the Wolverines led for good 14-8.

Michigan State's Duffy Daugherty did not need any deep plotting for Purdue. He just left it up to his defense, the best in the country, to throttle the Boilermakers. It held Purdue to a mere 68 yards rushing and State coasted home, 23-0. Now all the Spartans have to do to get to the Rose Bowl is beat Illinois November 23 at East Lansing.

Ohio State's Woody Hayes was almost sympathetic one day last week when he mused, "Penn State's Rip Engle is one of my best friends. It's sooo bad that two such fine men must meet, and a shame that one of them must lose." The implication was clear then, but the shame was Woody's last Saturday. Old friend Rip beat him 10-7—and at his own game, too—with a rousing defense. After Ohio State took a 7-0 lead, Engle stunted his tackles and OSU got only 30 yards and one first down rushing in the second half. Meanwhile, Pete Luke caught the Bucks flustered with his deft handoffs and sharp passing. His 13-yard pass to End Bill Bewes put the Lions in the game, and Ron Coates' 23-yard field goal won it.

The other Big Tenners were playing out the string, Wisconsin bumbled and fumbled, but still beat Northwestern 17-14; sophomore Gary Snook threw for three scores as IOWA put down Minnesota 27-13; INDIANA's Tom Nowatzke gained 134 yards, scored a touchdown, kicked two field goals and two extra points, and the Hoosiers edged Oregon State 20-15.

Noire Dame scored first against PITT, but that was all the Irish got. Paul Martha ran the next kickoff back 92 yards, Fred Mazurek bedeviled the Irish with his running and passing and the Panthers won easily 27-7.

A showdown between NEBRASKA and OKLAHOMA is coming in the Big Eight, Nebraska, despite the absence of injured Quarterback Dennis Clardie and an annoying 99-yard touchdown run by Kansas' Gale Sayers, whipped the Jayhawkers 23-9. Oklahoma dawdled some against Iowa State, but came back to beat the Cyclones 24-14. MISSOURI's Gary Lane ran for three touchdowns to help bury Colorado 28-7.

NORTHERN ILLINOIS: George Bork threw 68 passes, completed 43 for 416 yards and two touchdowns, and the Huskies beat Central Michigan 27-22 to finish undefeated. Arm-weary but happy, Bork toted up his records: 374 passes, 244 completions, 3,077 yards and 33 touchdowns for a single season; 902 passes, 577 completions, 6,782 yards and 60 touchdowns for his career.

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THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. NAVY (7-0)
 2. PITT (6-0) 3. SYRACUSE (6-0)

In its own modest fashion, the Ivy League has managed to get as crazily mixed up as the Big Ten. In fact, the Ivies may be even more hard put to find a champion. First Dartmouth, then Harvard, both preseason favorites, fell. Last Saturday it was unbested Princeton's turn. From the start it was apparent that HARVARD had little respect for the Tigers' perfect record. The Crimson backs—Quarterback Mike Bassett, Fullback Bill Grana and Halfbacks Scott Harshbarger and Dave Poe—simply bushed at the Princeton with slick keepers and fierce off-tackle smashes until the Tigers gave up two touchdowns. The superb Harvard defense bent only once, when Cosmo Iacovazzi, Princeton's bullfinch fullback, led the Tigers back into the game with a fourth-period touchdown. But the alert Crimson recovered a fumble and Grana crashed over from the one to give Harvard a 21-7 victory.

Princeton (4-1) still leads Harvard (3-1-1), but both have to play up-and-coming YALE (3-2), which used a robust ground game and a smothering defense to rout Penn 28-7. DARTMOUTH (3-2), an easy 47-6 winner over Columbia, also lies menacingly ahead of the Tigers. CORNELL (3-2) pulled out another barburner, Gary Wood's last-minute touchdown pass, and Peter Gogolik's four soccer-style placements, for an NCAA record of 41 straight, edged Brown 28-23.

For NAVY's Roger Staubach, it was just another routine day—two scoring runs and seven passes for 104 yards and one touchdown before he sat down early in the third quarter. But for Maryland it was utter disaster, a 42-7 shellacking. A listless ARMY team could not seem to get excited over Utah, that is, until Gary Hertefeldt, a fine passer, and Allen Jacobs, a punishing fullback, put the Redskins ahead 7-0. That woke up the Cadets who marched 80 yards before Ken Waldrop stormed over from the eight. Rollie Stichweh's two-point run was just enough to win 8-7 SYRACUSE, racked by injuries, barely mistaged to edge West Virginia 15-13 on John Pagho's 32-yard field goal, but Coach Ben Schwartzwalder was wondering whether he would have enough able bodies left to finish out the season. The latest casualties: Fullback Nat Duckett, broken leg; Tackle Dove Archer, bruised arm; Guard Paul Houle, bruised hand. BOSTON COLLEGE's Jack Concannon passed for one score and ran for another as BC beat Buffalo 15-0.

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. WASHINGTON (8-0)
 2. USC (7-0) 3. UTAH STATE (7-0)

When WASHINGTON was losing its first three games, Coach Jim Owens moaned about his offense. Last week his Huskies won their fifth straight—and an almost sure bid to

the Rose Bowl—over California 39-26 and Owens grumped about his defense. Washington gave up 329 yards, mostly to Craig Morton's passes (17 for 199 yards) and little option runs. Fortunately for the Huskies, Cal's defense was even more scandalous. Husky Quarterback Bill Douglas passed over it for 176 yards and Fullbacks Junior Coffey and Charlie Browning rushed through the fuzzy Bears for 172 more. All told, Washington piled up 552 yards. Complain California's Mary Levy, "If only we had stopped somebody."

UCLA, the only team left to stop Washington, hardly looked the type against Air Force. Terry Isaacson, running out of a shotgun that Coach Ben Martin never had a chance to use against Army a week earlier, bombed the unsuspecting Bruins for 258 yards and four scores with his running and passing as the Falcons won 48-21.

USC, trailing Stanford 11-0, suddenly came to life in the second half. Halfback Willie Brown grabbed touchdown passes from Mike Garrett and Craig Fertig, in for siling Pete Beathard, and USC pulled it out 25-11. Oregon had two of its walking wounded back and they helped beat Washington State 21-7. Mel Renfro shook up the Cougars with two 30-yard runs and Rob Barry threw for two scores.

It was still anybody's race in the West. New Mexico saw to it that when it upset Wyoming 17-6. Independent UTAH STATE, leading the nation in total offense and scoring, got Colorado State down early and then clobbered the poor Rams 36-16 for its sixth straight.

THE SOUTH

**THE TOP THREE: 1. MISSISSIPPI (9-0-1)
2. AUBURN (8-1) 3. MEMPHIS STATE (7-0-0)**

It looked as if unbeaten, untied Auburn would be forced to settle for a 10-10 deadlock with MISSISSIPPI STATE until Tiger

Quarterback Jimmy Sidle went back for one more desperation pass. Then Auburn had to settle for a loss. State's Sonny Fisher intercepted the pass, returning it to the Auburn 21. Justin Canale kicked a pressure-packed 36-yard field goal and instead of being just plain unbeaten, Auburn was just plain untied, 13-10.

In six previous meetings, LSU-TCU scores had read like baseball results: e.g. 3-3, 3-0, 3-2 and 5-0. Last week TCU led 14-7 at half time in a scoring explosion. Vexed by this un-Southern activity, LSU touched off its own firecracker, 5-foot-9 sophomore Joe Labruzzo, who touched down the ball for three scores. LSU won 28-14.

Billy Loebright does not do it all anymore. The GEORGIA TECH quarterback did complete 20 of 34 passes for 246 yards and a touchdown, and he did kick a field goal in a 15-7 defeat of Florida State. But he missed two extra points, and he neglected to score one of Tech's touchdowns. FLORIDA SOPHOMORE Bruce Bennett intercepted Georgia Quarterback Larry Rakestraw's first pass, returning it 43 yards for a touchdown. Bennett popped up again to stave off the Bulldogs' last threat with his third interception and preserve a 21-14 Florida win. VANDERBILT fought KENTUCKY to a scoreless tie, TENNESSEE best poor Tulane 26-0 and MISSISSIPPI wrapped up Tampa 41-0.

Drilled all week in pass protection, the CLEMSON line gave Jim Parker and Tommy Ray time to complete three long throws against North Carolina's second-in-the-nation pass defense and scuttle the Tar Heels 11-7. With NORTH CAROLINA STATE ahead 6-0, VPI's Mike Cahill dropped a punt on his own two. State Halfback Tony Koussaksky recovered for a touchdown, and the Wolfpack eventually won 13-7. DUKE buried Wake Forest 39-7 and MEMPHIS STATE, one game closer to an undefeated season, beat South Carolina 9-0.



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SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

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USC OVER Oregon State.* With or without Beathard, USC is too much for State.

PIT OVER Army. If Pitt cannot beat Army on the ground, it can through the air.

Navy over Duke. Duke's tender defenses will be an easy mark for Navy's Starbuck.

Georgia Tech over Alabama. Loebright gives Tech an edge—his educated foot.

LSU over Mississippi State. But LSU will have to be alert. State is hard to hold.

Illinois over Wisconsin. Down but not out, the Illini will be ready for the Badgers.

Ohio State over Northwestern. The Wildcats lack the manpower to stay with OSU.

Michigan State over Notre Dame. That tough defense will overwhelm the Irish.

Oklahoma over Missouri. Oklahoma has the line to stop Missouri's runners.

OTHER GAMES

ARKANSAS OVER SMU
ALABAMA OVER GEORGIA
BOWLING GREEN OVER OHIO
CALIFORNIA OVER UTAH
NORTH CAROLINA OVER MIAMI
N.C. STATE OVER FLORIDA STATE
PRINCETON OVER YALE
PURDUE OVER MINNESOTA
STANFORD OVER WASHINGTON STATE
VIRGINIA TECH OVER WEST VIRGINIA
*Friday night game

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS

10 RIGHT, 3 WRONG
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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

A family affair in Miami

The important business of selecting our Open Team and our Women's Team for next year's World Bridge Olympiad will be taken care of in the International Team Trials this week in Miami Beach. The right to play in these Trials is one of the major awards for doing well in national championships; 16 pairs are competing in the Open Team Trials and eight pairs in the Women's Team selection event.

Five players are doubly qualified for the Open, having won both the Vanderbilt and the Masters Knockout Team titles. Cliff Russell, Harry Harkavy, Billy Seamon and Alvin Roth will be in the open event. But the fifth, Mrs. Edith Kemp, is additionally qualified to play in the Women's Trials. Unfortunately, she cannot play in both, so, largely as a matter of family pride, she has elected to play in the women's event with her sister, Mrs. Ann Burnstein. Since Billy Seamon is their brother, this means that three members of the family may end up playing for the U.S. in one international cham-

pionship—a record for any country.

The high caliber of Edith's play can be judged from her brilliant defense in a hand (below left) during the Masters Team championship.

The bidding demands little comment. Over West's takeout double, North's raise to two hearts was mildly preemptive. But South, thinking there might be a play for the game, up and bid it.

On winning the club king, West continued with the ace and then the deuce, encouraged by Mrs. Kemp's high-low with the East hand. Declarer ruffed with dummy's queen of hearts, and, without the slightest hesitation, Edith discarded a low spade. To restore the gorgeous deceptiveness of this play, put yourself in South's place. Suppose East had overruffed with the heart king. Declarer's best chance would be to reach dummy with the diamond ace and finesse against the jack of hearts. It would work, and the contract would be made.

But when the heart queen held the trick, declarer had to be concerned about losing a trick to West's presumed king of hearts and having West continue with the clubs, giving East an overruff of dummy with the jack. So when dummy led a trump and East followed with the 3-spot, declarer found the finesse of the trump fit totally unsafe. Instead, he went up with his ace of hearts and played either to drop West's supposed king or to split the suit and lose only one trump trick. As the cards lay, of course, he lost two trumps and his contract.

EXTRA TRICK

Don't be in a hurry to grab a trick if it cannot escape you anyway. Declarer may be misled as to the location of the high cards and patience may get you two tricks where haste could win you only one.

END

Neither side
vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH

♠ 8 5 2
♥ Q 7 6 4
♦ A 9 8 2
♣ 6 3

EAST

♠ 9 7 6 4
♥ K J 3
♦ J 6 5 3
♣ 9 7

WEST

♠ J 10 3
♥ 5
♦ K Q 7 4
♣ A K J 10 2

SOUTH

♠ A K Q
♥ A 10 9 8 2
♦ 10
♣ Q 8 5 4

SOUTH

1 ♥

WEST

DOUBLE
PASS

NORTH

2 ♥
PASS

EAST

PASS
PASS

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DOBBS

A good time to take a nip, not a divot

A common mistake that many golfers make when using a long or medium iron is to try and take a divot—driving the club head abruptly down through the ball as if hitting a short iron. Attempting this will usually produce one of three unfortunate consequences: you may hit far behind the ball and barely budge it along the fairway; you may go down through the ball but not be firm enough with your hands, so the ball goes over the green; and you may hit too high on the ball. The best way to eliminate all these errors is simply to sweep the ball off the grass with the club head, striking it just a fraction of an inch before the club head reaches the lowest point of the swing. Hitting the ball in this manner greatly increases the chance for a shot that will finish somewhere on or around the green. To play the shot this way, the ball at address should be positioned opposite the left heel, not back in the center of the stance where so many golfers place it. Then take your regular swing. Forget about the ball. Concentrate, instead, on nipping off the top of the grass that is directly underneath it.

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The ball should be played off the left heel (above). At impact (right) the club head is just short of the lowest point in the swing.

FRANCIS GOLDEN



Y. A. Tittle is the best policy

At 37 he should be selling insurance instead of throwing a football, but the Giants' insurance man is paying a bigger dividend each year

For the New York Giants it might as well be 1962. After a shaky start they are growing stronger and stronger and, coming into the stretch, they are even with the apparently fading Cleveland Browns. And this year the Giants are still depending on a bald, 37-year-old Texas-reared insurance salesman from Palo Alto, Calif. to move the ball for them. A year hasn't changed him much—just made him a better football player, as he demonstrated once again on Sunday's 42-14 triumph over the Philadelphia Eagles. He threw for three scores to bring his season's total of touchdown passes to 23.

Yelberton Abraham Tittle knows he has a lot to learn about selling insurance and thanks he has a lot to learn about playing football. But to some 35 million pro football fans, Y.A. is the best quarterback in action today. Whether selling insurance or playing ball, Tittle is a serious man, he is also something of a mystic about football.

"After every game people ask me questions about how I figured the other team," he said the other day in his still-lingering Texan accent. "You can't answer the questions. There isn't any answer. It's a matter of feeling. You have to be in this league a long, long time

before you get the feeling. I can't say to you, 'I know this club is going to red-dog because I heard all about it in meetings, and I know that if player Y plays here, it's a red dog; if he plays there, it isn't.' That's not the way it works, because player Y knows as much about it as I do. You have to be in the league a long time and remember things, and at last you get a feel about it. If you could learn it by studying movies, a good smart college quarterback could learn all you've got to learn in three weeks and then come in and be as good as the old heads. But they can't. Because you look at seven or eight different teams each year and they have a different feel and a different look and you have to learn to look at them and know this is this team and Night Train Lane is the corner back and I better not throw anything into the flat on his side. Because I know he comes up quick and he can pick off the flat pass, and if he does we don't just lose the ball. We probably lose six points, too."

In a game where the rule now is pre-conceived strategy—the careful, long, thought-out game plan that makes small allowance for the idiosyncrasies of individuals—Tittle is an individualist.

"It's changed a lot since I came up in 1948," he said. "It's changed a lot since 1953. You spend 10 times as much time on preparation. You go over defenses and reactions and keys and how you read. You learn little things about the other team, or about certain players you didn't even consider 10 years ago. But you ask me how it's changed, and it isn't that so much. I have to think about it, because I want to say it right. I want to get the meat of the change in what I say."

He thought of the meat of the change, his blue eyes peering seriously from deep in his bony cave of eyebrows and cheekbones. "Maybe it is this," he said at last. "With all the preparation, the defensive units play as teams. It isn't a question of individual effort, but individual effort goes into it. What I mean is, everybody on the defensive team has a job to do, and they do that job first. They do what they're told to do, what they're coached to do. So you can't count on one guy's personality. You can't count on a corner back playing too tight in one situation,



BOTH HANDS ON BALL: TITTLE SAFEGUARDS HAND-OFF TO WEBSTER IN EAGLE GAME

too loose in another. He plays where he has been taught to play. And they all play longer. So they get better, playing longer."

Tittle's own team is a good example of what he means. The two Giant units—offense and defense—have played together for three or four years, with few exceptions. Tittle himself is a latecomer, but he fits in with the Giant veterans as smoothly as a replacement part in a Cadillac. He runs the Giant team confidently and with almost no help from Allic Sherman on the sideline. When the Giants won a crucial game from the Cleveland Browns recently, Tittle, using that clear knowledge of defenses and defensive personnel he has built up in some 15 years in pro football, called audible signals through nearly all of the first half of the game as the Giants conked Frank Ryan and Jimmy Brown and pulled away to a big lead.

"Sometimes the defense changes radically," he said, "Maybe you expected an even line, and they're in an odd one. Or maybe I look at them and read blitz and check off."

Tittle is one quarterback who is not often harried by blitzes, principally because he recognizes them quickly and because, too, he is probably the most adept quarterback in the league at throwing a screen pass, which can destroy a blitzing team.

Little things mean a lot

"You learn to look for little things," he said. "Not obvious things like the linebacker coming right up on the line of scrimmage. But say my right end is split out a little, maybe four yards from the tackle. The corner linebacker should be right out there with him, playing right in front of him so he can chuck him at the line. But if he has cheated into the gap between the end and the tackle, I read blitz. Or maybe the weak-side safety is intent on the A back—the offensive back on his side. Instead of being relaxed and at ease, he's crouched over, and maybe unconsciously he's moved a step or two closer to the line of scrimmage. I read blitz again. That means the weak-side linebacker is coming. He's the man who would take the A back in a pass pattern, and the weak-side safety is going to have to cover for

continued



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PRO FOOTBALL

him, so I read blitz from the way the safety is acting."

At 37, Tittle is a remarkably sturdy quarterback who, luckily for the Giants, is seldom injured. He knows no magic for avoiding injury, but the football lore stored in his bald head has its protective uses, too. "Let's go back to that weak-side safety," he said. "Say I read blitz. I know where the linebacker is coming from. Maybe I was going to release two backs from the backfield. I'll keep one in on that side for extra protection, and I'll be very conscious of pressure from that side. But, actually, getting hit is still getting hit. I don't know any way to make it easier."

The Tittle instinctive approach to the art of signal calling makes him very difficult for opposing defenses to chart. All teams chart the frequency with which opposing quarterbacks call certain plays in various situations. Since Tittle himself is seldom sure what he is going to do next, defensive signal callers despair of outguessing him.

Tom Brookshier, who was one of the best corner backs in football when he played with Philadelphia, and who is now a perceptive commentator on Eagle broadcasts, says, "I couldn't guess with Yat when I played against him. With some quarterbacks, in particular situations, I could take a chance, gambling maybe on a quick look-in pass, and be out of position enough for an interception. I couldn't do it with Yat. I can't guess with him now, either. Working in the booth, I call plays with the quarterbacks in my mind, and with most of them, I hit four out of five. With Tittle, I'm lucky to go one for five."

No fake with one hand

Tittle was originally drafted by Cleveland in the old All-America Conference. Luckily for the rest of the NFL (imagine Y.A. and Jimmy Brown on the same team), the Browns traded him to the Baltimore Colts. He came to the Giants after three years with the Colts, 10 with the San Francisco 49ers.

His quarterbacking technique is peculiarly his own. He makes his fakes with both hands on the ball, unlike many quarterbacks who fake the hand-off with one empty hand. ("I want to show the defense the ball, not an empty hand," he says.) On pitchouts, he snaps the ball out from his belt buckle, again with both hands. Most quarterbacks pitch out with

one hand, using the long, underhand motion of a softball pitcher. "I may get hit pitching out," Y.A. says. "If I've just got one hand on the ball, I'm more likely to fumble. And I have better control of the ball using both hands."

Even in running the bootleg, where the quarterback fakes a hand-off to a running back and then sets off on a perilous journey alone around the flank, depending entirely on deception, Tittle operates in his own unique way. Bob Waterfield, the former Rams quarterback, was a masterful actor in this play; his hand-off seemed absolutely real, and he would then trot back casually from the play, watching the faking back, holding the ball casually against his hip away from the line of scrimmage. His acting was so good that he was usually overlooked until he broke for the goal line. Most quarterbacks since then have tried to emulate him, but not Tittle.

"I work against the grain of the defense," he said. "If they are going to play me for the bootleg, they have to violate everything they have been coached to do. I call a play which has the tackle blocking down with a fake toward the middle. The defensive end has to read, run and close down. I make a sloppy fake and take off outside the end as hard as I can go. I'm going against the grain—the defense is going one way and I'm going the other—and they have a hard time changing direction. But if it doesn't work, I'm out there naked, and we lose ground."

Tittle's throwing style is his own, too. He holds the ball with his fingertips, no part of his palm touching it. Throwing and accuracy are instinctive; he can't explain why he is accurate or how. "It's something you can do or you can't," he says. "It's like a pitcher's control."

In the off season, Tittle is a partner in a successful insurance agency in Palo Alto, but he is far from ready to retire from football. "I'd hate to have nothing to do but sell insurance," he says. "But I do like selling," he hastens to add. "It's like football in some ways. You learn a presentation and work on it until you know it cold. Then, after 15 or 20 years you begin to know what you're doing. You know when a prospect is ready to sign, how to move in, what to say. It's the same as football."

He has some built-in prospects in New York in the Mara brothers, who own the Giants. He's the best insurance they have for another Eastern Conference championship.

■ PRO

DuPonts—win and place

America's best grass horse defeated its best all-round horse in the Laurel International, but the prize money mostly stayed in the family

The last major weekend of the 1963 U.S. racing season began in the mud at Garden State and finished on the lush grass at Laurel. There were upsets in both races, the more important one in the finale, the 12th running of the mile-and-a-half Washington, D.C. International.

Mrs. Richard C. duPont's Kelso, invincible on a dirt track, was defeated at Laurel after a mile-long head-to-head battle with Mrs. Marion duPont Scott's Mongo, America's turf champion. All of the foreign competitors were also-runs, France's Nyrcos finishing 12 lengths back in third position, followed by England's Expresso, France's Misti, Russia's Ivory Tower II, Hungary's Imperial II, Venezuela's Ferumbas, Ireland's Christmas and finally Russia's Beyansk, 43 lengths back.

After watching his chestnut win the International, Trainer Frank Bonsal said, "We had hoped to meet Kelso on terms advantageous to us: on the turf, in the slop, in the rain, in cold weather and receiving 10 pounds." The only advantage Mongo got was the turf course. But it was all he needed.

When the tapes flew up at the start, Kelso was caught sideways and lost two lengths. Mongo, in ninth post position, was off on the lead with Christmas Island. After the first half Kelso replaced the Irish horse as challenger. From there on Kelso and Mongo raced together. Actually, Mongo was never headed, but at the 5/16ths pole he drifted wide. Jockey Wayne Chambers straightened him out and went on to win by half a length.

A foul claim by Kelso's rider, Milo Valenzuela, held up the official decision. Valenzuela contended that Mongo had hit Kelso when he drifted. But the stewards, after deliberating for 15 minutes, decided there was no contact and that the foul claim was frivolous.

Saturday's upset came in the mile-

and-a-sixteenth Garden State Stakes, which is supposed to crown a 2-year-old champion and, indeed, often has. But whether the 11th Garden State winner, Hurry to Market, is the best of the current lot is open to speculation. In beating Roman Brother for the second time in eight days, the big To Market bay colt ran his own record to three wins in six starts and thereby put in a justifiable claim.

Jockey Bill Cook kept Hurry to Market on the inside most of the way and, after racing with Sophia's Boy to the far turn, took the lead and held it for good. Roman Brother was the big threat from the stretch to the wire, and Ishkoodah came on well in the final furlong to take third place. Johnny Rotz, on Roman Brother, claimed foul against Cook after being beaten a length. He said Cook had hit Roman Brother on the nose with his whip at the eighth pole. The patrol films vaguely verified this, but they also indicated that Rotz had accidentally ridden into the arc of Cook's whipping arm.

At any rate, I think the best horse won, and the reason you haven't heard much about him is that, in this day of racing 2-year-olds until their poor legs drop off, Hurry to Market belied his name by not making his first start until September 10 at Hawthorne. He had a quarter crack on the heel of his right foreleg and Trainer Dave Erb had to stop his training. "It may have been a good thing," said Erb on Saturday evening. "He had a chance to grow." In fact, he grew so much he now weighs about 1,100 pounds and stands 16 hands 2 inches (in contrast to Roman Brother at 890 pounds and 15 hands 1 inch). Hurry to Market's owners, Gilman Roger Wilson and his partner's daughter, Mrs. T. P. Hull Jr., are mulling at Hialeah's Flamingo on March 3 and after that a fall campaign along the Triple Crown route. **END**



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DOGS / Duncan Barnes

Not poodle, not pointer, but both dogs in one

New to the Western Hemisphere, the mongrellike pudelpointer has been carefully crossbred to make it a competent dog-of-all-trades

The gamekeeper of Nicholson Island, a private shooting preserve off the Canadian shore of Lake Ontario, was demonstrating the versatile talents of a nondescript-looking hunting dog named Komet von der Winterhelle. Staying always within gun range, Komet quartered easily through a millet field for several minutes. Suddenly he broke stride, made a sharp turn upwind and stopped short in a rigid, stylish point. As his master came up from behind, a cock pheasant burst from the grainfield and banked downwind with a frightened cackle. With Komet still on point, the gamekeeper fired and the pheasant fell heavily into the dense briar bordering the field. Komet's master said a few words of praise, then told him to fetch.

Shifting instantly from the role of pointer to that of retriever, Komet plunged into the brambles and brought the dead bird back to the man who had produced such artistry by mixing and blending canine ancestry and instincts as carefully as a chemist formulating a new, high-potency rocket fuel.

Gamekeeper Sigbot Winterhelt first exercised his passion for dogs as a boy in Adolph Hitler's Germany. Forbidden to keep a dog of his own, he gave overnight hospitality to an endless series of street mutts smuggled into the house without his parents' knowledge or consent. The dog he was working with such pride on the Nicholson Island millet field a few weeks ago resembled nothing so much as one of those mutts. For



PUDELPOINTER ZENZI VON DER WALDHORST COMES TO A POINT ON A PHEASANT

Komet is the byproduct of a long line of crossbreeding between English pointers and the now extinct German *Wieserhund*. He is not, however, a mongrel, but a member of a breed new to the Western Hemisphere called pudelpointer, whose genealogy has been at least as selective as that of any other breed in the world. About 24 inches high and weighing no more than 60 pounds, the pudelpointer has a tough, wirehaired coat that is surprisingly soft to the touch, a cropped tail, dark-brown eyes, silky ears that are part pointer and part hound, and a comical growth of whiskers that looks like a *mustache* but is called a "beard."

As a breed, pudelpointers have been known in Europe for more than 80 years, but the European dogs are far more poodle than pointer, and indeed their hybrid identity has been maintained only by occasional new mixtures of pointer blood. The North American breed of pudelpointer had its beginning in 1956, when Winterhelt, a former secretary of the Pudelpointer Club of Germany, brought a bitch named Cati von der Waldhorst to Canada at the suggestion of Douglas Hume, a Toronto businessman. Their purpose was to establish a stable strain of all-purpose hunting dogs, whose traits would reappear generation after generation.

To this end, they mated Cati to a pure

English pointer with a long and honorable pedigree. Some of the puppies from this and subsequent matings showed desirable pudelpointer characteristics—good noses, retrieving instinct, wire-haired coats and the breed's curious "beard." Now, after seven years of careful breeding and weeding, Winterhelt and Hume are satisfied that they have a stock of good working dogs.

"It has been a long and expensive proposition, and at times a very discouraging one," says Hume. "Of the 10 dogs we have imported from Germany since 1956, only two have proved good enough to keep in the breeding program. We have had dogs that were as nervous and scared as a caged chipmunk, dogs that couldn't smell and dogs that just wouldn't take to water."

Two notable exceptions are Komet and a bitch named Zenzi von der Waldhorst who, the breeders hope, will become the Adam and Eve of a standardized breed. Says Winterhelt: "We are now in the third generation, and we have 10 pups from the last two litters that look like potential breeding stock. According to Mendel, if the breeding remains the same, dogs should run true to type once the third generation is reached."

Winterhelt is quick to insist that his all-purpose pudelpointer is not "a wonder dog." "It would be foolish," he says, "to think that a pudelpointer could per-

continued

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DOGS

form in the field with the drive and high-running style of the pointer or retrieve with the power of the Labrador or the Chesapeake. The thing is, the pudelpointer will do both jobs well." Most North American breeders, says Winterhelt, tend to concentrate on the pointing abilities of Continental sporting dogs like the German shorthair, the Weimaraner and the Vizsla, sacrificing the dogs' instinct to retrieve and trail. The pudelpointer can take the scent of a bird from the air, track over ground like a trailing hound and retrieve from both land and water.

In the bag

So completely does Winterhelt install the importance of retrieving in his dogs that they will, on command, pick up and bring back even live birds. Four years ago Winterhelt arrived at a Toronto field trial with two burlap sacks full of live pheasants in the trunk of his car. One of the sacks had come untied, and when Winterhelt opened the trunk 15 pheasants fluttered out. Fortunately, the birds were dazed by the sudden blinding sunlight and did not get very far. Winterhelt let Komet out of the car and calmly told him to fetch. A pointer handler standing nearby saw Komet dash off after the birds. "He was really horrified," recalls Winterhelt. "He screamed, 'My God, you'll ruin that dog! He'll kill those birds!' But Komet brought every one of those birds back to me unharmed."

As Winterhelt's dogs score impressive wins in field trials, Canadian and American interest in pudelpointers is growing fast. The Canadian Kennel Club has officially recognized the breed, but Winterhelt is a cautious man.

"We are still working with basic breeding stock, and we must be absolutely convinced that we have established a good line before we register the dogs and start selling them."

In the meantime, the fortunate few pudelpointer owners are enjoying their dogs despite the amusement of friends who just can't believe that they are real. Two years ago Douglas Hume flew to New York to deliver a valuable pudelpointer to a friend. A customs officer took a long look and asked, "What the dickens is that?"

Hume told him "A pudelpointer, huh?" the customs man asked, roaring at his own wit. "Which one was yours, the poodle or the pointer?"

END

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PESTICIDES

(continued from page 25)

the streams below. In the celebrated Sebago Lake situation, airplanes sprayed DDT along the lake shore to control mosquitoes and black flies. Since landlocked salmon like to move in shallow water, there is a strong possibility—though the most recent research indicates no provable conclusion—that the Sebago fish were directly contaminated by the aerial spray. If this turns out to be so, then, says Robert E. Moore of the State of Maine Executive Council, the solution is not to stop spraying altogether, but to eliminate aerial spraying within 300 feet of all Maine lakes, rivers and brooks, using trucks instead to treat areas close to water. Strict limitations on aerial spraying in other states have dramatically reduced pesticide accidents, and Moore expects to see similar legislation introduced at the next session in Maine.

Chicot and Grand lakes, two popular crappie fishing spots in southeast Arkansas, suffered fish losses at the same time that local cotton fields were being sprayed. But it turned out the fish-kill was not due to the actual spraying operation; rather, the crop-dusting pilots, in an effort to clean their spray-coated planes after the dusting operation was finished, dipped their wheels into the lake. This during maneuver splashed the pesticides off their planes, all right, but left a residue of fish-killing poison in the water.

In New England, as part of the long, losing battle against Dutch Elm disease, the trees in one Massachusetts area were carefully and safely sprayed. Through an error, another group of tree sprayers moved into the same area and unwittingly resprayed it. The result was an excessive concentration of pesticides that took the lives of a number of robins.

Ducks, stopping on their annual migrations at three lakes north of Denver, unaccountably began dying in large numbers. Smaller counts of dead pheasants, songbirds, muskrats, rabbits and frogs were noted around the same lakes. Investigation revealed that a nearby insecticide plant was using the three lakes for cooling water used in their manufacturing process. Chemicals leaking into the cooling system were suspected of contaminating the lakes and killing the wildlife.

In Michigan last year some 80,000 acres were sprayed by plane against bee-

ties. The offending beetles were wiped out, but so were a lot of sparrows and field mice. Agricultural department and conservation people got together on the problem, and this year spraying was done from the ground. The method is slower and more costly, but bird and animal losses were eliminated.

Despite this careful surveillance and quick corrective action, Dr. Justin Leonard of the Michigan Conservation Department says, "We are buried in complaints every time the agricultural people spray. Somebody always mounds all the sparrows into a pile and takes a picture. Then they send it to the governor and ask what the hell the state is going to do about it. Frankly, I don't think it makes too much difference. We lose more ducks to hotulism than to pesticides."

Most wildlife men agree. J. Burton Luuckhart, chief of Washington's game management division, points out, "We can detect no overall, direct, immediately depressing effect of sprays on any population of game birds or game animals in this state at this time."

Nevertheless, the drumfire of protest continues to be loud and, generally, not well aimed. The most notable case occurred last year near Richvale, Calif., in the heart of the rice-growing country. As part of a study on pesticides by the California Fish and Game Department, 30 pheasants were shot from the flooded delta area. Two of them revealed concentrations of DDT well above the limits considered safe for human consumption. Secretary of the Interior Udall heard about the toxicity in these two birds and, on the basis of it, he forecast the doom of California pheasants (not to mention the people who might eat such contaminated birds). His subsequent announcement about the "thousands of acres of prime wildlife habitat" that might have to be closed to future hunting so alarmed the nation that otherwise knowledgeable game management officials from Florida to Washington, while stressing that their own states are in no danger, still cite California as a pesticides disaster area.

Fortunately, health, agriculture and conservation authorities in California were less willing to go along with Udall's conclusions. They decided to undertake another study based on something more than two birds. Pheasants from 11 control areas covering every portion of the state were analyzed by the Department of Public Health at Berkeley. Out of

these birds, 89%, proved to be well below the safe toxic level (7 parts per million). But contaminated birds did turn up—again near Richvale. And no wonder. Rice fields in this area were being seeded from the air with rice kernels saturated with pesticide. Frequently, the pilots overran their targets and dumped part of the toxic rice in canals, dikes and levees, instead of in the rice fields. As a result, heavy concentrations of pesticides accumulated in these sectors, contaminating pheasants feeding there.

The practice of saturating seeds was immediately abolished. Rice today is still sown by air, but pesticides are applied afterward from ground level. Recent counts made at Berkeley indicate that toxicity levels of pheasants from Richvale, while still higher than those of the birds elsewhere in the state, have dropped below the danger level. The Health Department announced this week that "the toxic content of birds examined indicates that they can be safely brought to the table." And the fish and game department added, "No warning signs will be posted for hunters because none are necessary."

Secondhand scare stories, like Udall's Case of the California Pheasants, have done nothing to enhance the reputation of the pesticide industry. Neither, for that matter, have reports of the industry's profits. Last year some 350 million pounds of insecticides were used in the U.S.; herbicides, fungicides, rodenticides and other specialty pesticides accounted for another 200 million pounds. Sales at the consumer level went above one billion dollars and that, on anybody's books, is big business. Now, there is something about big-business profits that seems to make many scientists nervous. Miss Carson, for one, has charged that "we have allowed these chemicals to be used with little or no advance investigation of their effect on soil, water, wildlife and man himself" in order that the pesticide industry might "make a dollar at whatever cost."

Last year the beleaguered pesticide industry, which employs 1,300 professional scientists, spent \$33 million on research, a fair portion of it to find out what will make pesticides safer. The industry was so conscientious that, until the recent Thalidomide tragedy, it was often easier to put a new drug for human consumption on the market than to register a new pesticide. Every new pesticide compound is carried through laboratory and field tests that may entail bio-assays

on as many as 62 different animals and plants and from five to eight years of study. Out of every 1,800 compounds tested, an average of only one compound meets all the required standards. By the time it is ready to be marketed, it will have cost the manufacturer anywhere from \$500,000 to \$1.5 million.

Pesticide research does not end, however, with the self-policing of the manufacturer. State and federal spending on pest-related studies will exceed \$31 million in 1963 alone. Furthermore, the Department of Agriculture and the Department of Health, Education and Welfare have the joint responsibility of making certain that all pesticides are sold and used properly and safely. Forty-one states have pesticide registration laws similar to the federal law. Twenty-two of these states have research and enforcement programs in cooperation with the federal government.

But even if there were no laws, even if all manufacturers were evil, and even if pesticides did hurt wildlife instead of immeasurably helping it, there is a geographical factor which would still guarantee the survival of America's living creatures. Each year chemical pesticides are distributed over about 90 million acres of U.S. farmland, forest, and insect-breeding dry lands and wetlands. Weed-killers are used on about the same number with considerable overlapping in certain areas. Thus, the total land area treated with pesticides of all kinds is about one acre in every 12. More than 75% of the entire continental U.S. has never received any treatment at all.

What does kill wild animals? Disease, starvation, winter and automobiles all take far greater tolls of wildlife than do pesticides. Furthermore, the determining factors in overall game populations are not single holocausts but a combination of weather, food and habitat. Still, intensive research must continue, and pesticide controls must be kept uniformly tight. In this respect, even the wildlife custodians, on whose toes Miss Carson trod so heavily, are grateful to her. For without the shock value of *Silent Spring*, their programs and problems might never have gotten the public support and interest that have followed in the wake of the book. Meanwhile, as research continues and practice improves, the wise and discreet use of chemical pesticides is assuring us not of a silent spring, but of seasons filled with all the rich, new sounds of animal and human prosperity.

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‘WE ARE GROWN MEN



The bearded man laughing at his daughter is Bill Russell, the most remarkable basketball player of our time. Sport, however, is one of his lesser interests. Here are his trenchant, often angry observations on today's Negro-white crisis and his role in it

by GILBERT ROGIN

Bill Russell, the dark, guinly and responsible man who is center and co-captain of the Boston Celtics, the perennial champions of the National Basketball Association, is, without question, one of the most remarkable athletes of our time, yet he regards his life up to now as a waste. "I don't consider anything I have done," he has said, "as contributing to society. I consider playing professional basketball as marking time, the most shallow thing in the world." Russell is not biting the hand that feeds him and his family; he is too canny and practical a man. He is not sullyng basketball in any meaningful sense, either. It is, rather, that he is close to 30 years old and has made certain judgments that seem to him so correct and obvious that he is not afraid to enunciate them: basketball, or any other sport, is, at bottom, frivolous, and the imposition of being a Negro at this moment in history is an obligation that cannot be met on the floor of the Boston Garden. Where and how he can fulfill it Russell does not yet know.

In six full seasons with the Celtics, Russell has been selected four times by the players in the league as the NBA's most valuable player, including the last three years in succession; on the other two occasions he was runner-up. Before Russell joined the Celtics late in 1956, they had led the league in scoring for the five foregoing years but, nonetheless, each year the Celtics had been eliminated in the divisional playoffs. In Russell's tenure Boston has won six of seven championships. The only year it lost out—1958—Russell was injured during the final playoff

continued

PLAYING A CHILD'S GAME'

series and did not play in two of the last three games. His contributions to his team's welfare are, however, often unsung. Not long ago, for instance, it was—who else?—Russell who found a teammate's contact lens on the court. "Do I have to do everything for this club?" he said, with an indulgent smile.

What makes Russell's achievements most noteworthy is that he is primarily a defensive player in what, prior to his time and success, was threatening to become an almost wholly offensive game. "Basketball," says Red Auerbach, the Boston coach, "is like war, in that offensive weapons are developed first, and it always takes a while for the defense to catch up. Russell has had the biggest impact on the game of anyone in the last 10 years because he has instituted a new defensive weapon—that of the blocked shot. He has popularized the weapon to combat the aggressive, running-type game. He is by far the greatest center ever to play the game." By Russell's own admission, he can block shots only 5% of the time, and even less frequently against such gifted shooters as Elgin Baylor and Oscar Robertson. What makes him such a formidable and dominant figure is, as he says, that "they don't know which 5%; it will be."

Says Bill Russell: "Basketball is a game that involves a great deal of psychology. The psychology in defense is not blocking a shot or stealing a pass or getting the ball away. The psychology is to make the offensive team deviate from their normal habits. This is a game of habits, and the player with the most consistent habits is the best. What I try to do on defense is to make the offensive man do not what he wants but what I want. If I'm back on defense and three guys are coming at me, I've got to do something to worry all three. First I must make them slow up or stop. Then I must force them to make a bad pass and take a bad shot and, finally, I must try to block the shot. Say the guy in the middle has the ball and I want the guy on the left to take the shot. I give the guy with the ball enough motion to make him stop. Then I step toward the man on the right,

inviting a pass to the man on the left; but, at the same time, I'm ready to move, if not on my way, to the guy on the left. I'm giving away all my secrets."

"What Russell really does," says teammate Tommy Heinsohn, "is demoralize. The other players are afraid to take their normal shots. Instead, they're looking to see what Russell will do." As Bill Bridges of the St. Louis Hawks said recently, "Russell told me I better bring pepper and salt to the next game. He told me I was going to eat basketballs." Indeed, the hall has come to be known by the pros as a Wilsonburger, after its manufacturer.

"In my modest opinion," says Russell, who is not a particularly good shooter, "shooting is of relatively little importance in a player's overall game. Almost all of us in the NBA are All-Americans. We became All-Americans by averaging 20 points or more a game, so by the layman's standards all of us can shoot. It's the other phases of the game that make the difference. If you're going to score 15 and let your man score 20 you're a deficit. If your value to the team is strictly as a shooter, you are of very little value. Offense is the first thing you learn as a kid in any sport, catch a pass, dribble, but shoot. You learn the offensive aspects of a game long before you learn there even are defensive aspects. These are the skills you come by naturally. Defense is hard work because it's unnatural."

"Defense is a science," Russell says, "not a helter-skelter thing you just luck into. Every move has six or seven years of work behind it. In basketball your body gets to do things it couldn't do in normal circumstances. You take abnormal steps, you have to run backward almost as fast as you can run forward. On defense you must never cross your legs while running, and that's the most natural thing to do when changing direction. Instead, you try to glide like a crab. You have to fight the natural tendencies and do things naturally that aren't natural."

"In rebounding, position is the key. No two objects can occupy the same place at the same time. Seventy-five percent of the rebounds are taken below the height



Steering over New York's Gene Conley, Russell shows the edge timing gives him.

of the rim, so timing is important, because almost everyone in the league can reach the top of the rim. A really important part of rebounding is being able to jump up more than once. You have to keep trying for that ball. Sometimes you jump four or five times before you can get your hands on it. I used to practice jumping over and over again. When I was 6 feet 2, I could jump to the top of the rim 35 times, over and over.

"You have to have strong hands. Most of the time three guys will have their hands on the ball at the same time, and you have to be able to grab it away. I guess I just naturally have strong hands, but if I didn't I would exercise until they were strong. But getting the ball is only half the job. Then you have to do something with it."

The foundation of Russell's brilliant play, however, is not blocking shots, rebounding or his other purely physical skills. It is, rather, his admirable mind

and purpose, his intelligence—he knows what to do with the ball—and his pride. "People don't realize," says Auerbach, "that this is a brain out there. People think of him as just a big guy with fantastic coordination, but he approaches being a genius once the game starts. I admire his mind off the court, too," Auerbach adds not entirely facetiously, "because he's smart enough to understand me."

"To sum it all up," says Heinsohn, "he's got a hell of a lot of pride. When he's playing his game it makes us almost unbeatable, and the secret to the thing is that he gets himself up so often. He's so nervous before a game he upheucks."

"He wants to be the best in everything he does," says Co-Captain Frank Ramsey. "He hates to lose. As long as the team's winning he's completely happy. As long as he's playing real great ball we're winning. Then he's the life of the party. You hear that laugh 10 miles around. He's only moody with himself."

Although Bill Russell has much to laugh about and does in his high, rickety way ("There are only two things that could make me quit coaching," says Auerbach, "My wife and Russell's laugh"), he is, at intervals, an angry, dissatisfied and aloof man of uncommon principle, and is no less remarkable as a person than he is as an athlete.

Russell's scraggly beard is a telling indication of the man. Not only is Russell nearly 6 feet 10 and black—circumstances, obviously, over which he has no control—but he has deliberately set himself further apart by being one of the few professional athletes to wear a beard. Ask him why he grew it and he will reply in time, if he feels like it. "I've thought about it, and I've thought about it. Why did I wear the beard, why do I? It's part of this thing—I've always fought so hard to be different and I am different without even trying, and maybe it's just my own little revolution. It just isn't done in polite circles, in a sense. But I do think it's part of my personality. When I first joined the Celtics I shaved the beard off. I did it on my own. It was none of their business, and if I had valued their opinion I would have asked them. I made a concession to conformity

at that time. Then I grew it back. After we won the first championship I let Heinsohn shave it off, and then I grew it back again. It was a very childish thing, in the sense of defiance. I wear it now to let people know I am an individual. I do think for myself, and I'm very opinionated. Contrary to popular belief, I'm a living, thinking, breathing human being."

They say I owe the public this and I owe the public that. What I owe the public is the best performance I can give, period. If someone asks me for an autograph I think it's a waste, but I sign them occasionally. Sometimes I just feel like being nice, or it gets rid of them. I personally don't care what people think of me. I don't think I think any different than anyone else, but I may act different. One thing I'm not is a liar. It's not a matter of morals—more a matter of ego. I think too much of myself to misrepresent myself. I'll do anything I can for anyone as long as it doesn't hurt me. But I have sympathy for very few people. Basketball—that's all people want to talk to me about. It's a waste, because they have nothing to say. I resent people who talk to you and have nothing to say. So I don't say anything. "How's the weather up there?" "How are things on Main Street?" That's where I live. What the heck kind of question is that? "You must be a basketball player, because you're so tall. Just walk up and put it in, eh?" No, I'm not a basketball player. I just kept growing. "What size bed do you sleep in?" I hate for people to get personal. A big bed. "How much do you eat?" It's ridiculous. If you mind your own business, life ain't bad. If you do the best you can that's the best you can do.

"We're a bunch of grown men playing a child's game. It's a child's game we've made into a man's game by complicating it. Silly, isn't it? We entertain people for a number of hours during the winter. They may talk about it for a few minutes, maybe an hour, then it's forgotten. Is this a contribution? No. Analyze it—it's a silly game. I'm also a silly man because I enjoy it. I enjoy baseball, too. Perhaps I'm a little dull."

continued



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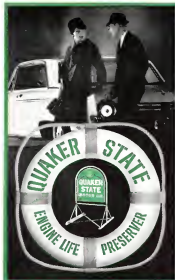


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BILL RUSSELL *continues*

It is not easy for a white man to understand or totally accept the vision of a black man; skin is the hardest boundary. The point is this: Bill Russell, or any other black man like him, does not want the white man's sympathy or, indeed, his friendship. What he wants is recognition and acceptance of himself as an individual, a black individual, who can meet the world on equal terms and fare unequally, according to his merit.

"A few things have happened," Russell says. "I've got three kids now, a certain amount of responsibility to them. I also have a certain amount of responsibility to a lot of other kids. I give most Negroes a certain amount of pride. Here's one of our guys doing all right, they say, the world can't be all bad. That contribution is very shallow. Of course, I'm practical. Where else but in basketball could I command this salary? [It is estimated in excess of \$40,000.] Man does what he has to, but the contribution I'd like to make as a person—to my kids and little black kids all over the world—is to make life better, so their ambitions aren't stifled when they face the world, to give them the opportunity to do what they're most skilled at. I could have a burning ambition to give my kids a million dollars. If I gave them that alone, I'd be giving them nothing."

The most any kid can ask for," says Russell, "is to succeed or fail on his merits. Success and failure are relative. Everyone doesn't have presidential abilities and everyone can't be an All-American. It doesn't necessarily mean you're a failure. My father's a foundry worker. This doesn't necessarily mean he's a failure—because another person's father is a lawyer. Society needs both. Some people are going to be laborers, but why say a man has to be a laborer because he's black? One right we never had in this country—we never had the right to be a failure or an individual. Why if one black man fails should all black men fail? That's what the struggle is about; whether it's through love, as with Martin Luther King, or through pride, as with the N.A.A.C.P., or through hate, as with Malcolm X and Elijah Muhammad.

continues

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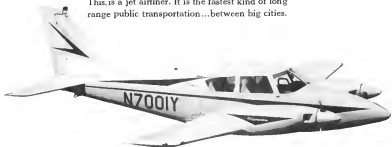
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BILL RUSSELL

"What does the American Negro want? the editorials ask. I find this very stupid. We're all products of our society, and the acceptable standards are the same. We want the same things. When they write about Birmingham, the papers refer to 'outsiders' and 'racial agitators.' To the black people of the U.S. there is no such thing as an outsider. There's been too much play on words in this country. Negroes have to earn their rights, they say. My oldest son, Buddha [William Felton Russell Jr.], was born on November 2, 1937. Suppose 50 kids were born around Boston that day. Why does my son have to earn any more than any of those 50 kids? I was born on February 12, 1934. Why do I have to earn more than anyone else?

"There used to be a lot of emphasis on the first Negro to do this, the first Negro to do that. It's unimportant who's the first or who's the last. The important thing is—how many? The rest is tokenism. When Thurgood Marshall was made a judge it made me feel real good, because he never attempted to disassociate himself, like some educated Negroes. Some Negroes live in a twilight zone, closing themselves off into a small, white society. The Negro world doesn't concern them, I feel sorry for them—to an extent. Education is the acquiring of the ability to think for oneself, anyone can get through college on memory courses. If a Negro judge says, 'I don't think of myself as a Negro, just as a competent judge,' he's not facing life the way it is in our society. It's harder to face it the other way, but you can sleep at night—every night."

Although everyone in his family is a life member of the N.A.A.C.P., Russell has not played a major role in any single Negro organization, he does not look upon himself as a leader, and is uncomfortable in crowds. He views the Negro movement as being various in means but single in aim, and feels that its factionalism is not divisive but a search for the most effective way.

"I would have loved to go to Birmingham," Russell says, "but I'm not passive. Sometimes I think I have tendencies to violence. I've been mad enough to fight three times in my life, and each

continued



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time I wanted to kill the man. You know the athletes I admire? Ted Williams, Jackie Robinson and Sonny Liston. It's easy to be envious and friendly to everyone. I think a man has to be what he is. If he feels good, he is good; if he doesn't, he isn't. I'm an admirer of Floyd Patterson, too. These are honest people in the sense of representing themselves. Some Negro athletes don't show me much. I'm disappointed in them. They are politicians in the sense of saying the right things all the time.

"If I went down there to Birmingham and let someone spit on me and didn't do anything about it, it wouldn't be me. If you never really express dissatisfaction concretely, people tend to ignore it. If you believe in something you've got to say it. This passive kick—if it doesn't work, how can they keep preaching it? It is predicated on the premise that people are basically moral. If they are right, this is wonderful. If they are wrong, the religious phase of the movement will be destroyed. If Martin Luther King is wrong he has failed as a leader. Maybe I'm becoming a fatalist or whatever you call it. Morality is a very large word. Morality and love have a lot in common. Who can really define it? What is moral and what is immoral? It is relative.

"I've been reading about the Black Muslims. A lot of things they say express the way I feel perfectly, or, rather, a great deal of the things they say I cannot disagree with. Can the races get along? Yes. Will they get along? That's the question. The Muslims say the white man's a devil. I don't agree with that, because I don't think there is such a thing as a devil. They say the white man is evil. I wonder about that in the sense that I wonder whether all men are evil. I dislike most white people because they are people. As opposed to dislike, I like most black people because I am black. I consider this a deficiency in myself—maybe. If I looked at it objectively, detached myself, it would be a deficiency."

In 1959 Russell first went to Black Africa on a tour for the State Department. The continent had such an impact upon him that he bought part ownership of a rubber farm in Liberia and named his baby daughter Karen Kenyatta after

continued



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Jomo Kenyatta, the prime minister-designate of Kenya and onetime Mau Mau leader, whom Russell greatly admires. Russell is thinking quite seriously of settling in Liberia. "I found a place I was welcome because I was black instead of in spite of being black," he says.

"The basic problem in Negro America is the destruction of race pride. One could say we have been victims of psychological warfare, in a sense, in that this is a white country and all the emphasis is on being white. Whiter than white. According to the law, immigrants from northern European countries are more desirable than any others. When a white man says his folks come from Ireland, he says it with a certain amount of pride. He probably can trace his family tree for generations, for whatever it's worth. This is not true of the American Negro. Until the emergence of the independent African countries all we knew about Africa was from the Tarzan and Jungle Jim movies. How stupid they made the natives! One white man—Tarzan—was the best and smartest at everything. Even King Kong, after accepting the sacrifice of blacks for years, when he was offered a white girl he didn't kill her. He fell in love with her! Pride in being black was practically destroyed by seeing stupid things like this, there was almost a sense of self-degradation. Also, until very recently, the so-called Negro elite was fair-skinned.

"The problem I see in Africa is that it has to build a middle class. All your great political and social changes have been brought about by the middle class—merchants, artisans, technicians. Africa's needs are not necessarily administrators but people who can do—plumbers, tool-and-die-makers, draftsmen. Black Africa is stepping from carrying things on the head to carrying them in airplanes. They've skipped the wheelbarrow, the horse and buggy and, practically, railroads. They have problems so immense, where do you start? You educate as many as you can. But everyone who gets an education wants to be an administrator. People have to realize there are stations in life, forms of success. Everyone wants to have the ultimate success. Everyone can't have it. Someone must

roll their sleeves up and go to work. I find it a very perplexing problem, whether I should go to Africa or stay here. I've thought about it a great deal. If my contribution would be more concrete here, no doubt I should stay here.

"When I look at the struggle of the American Negro I can't help but be very, very proud. With what we've had to work with we've done a pretty good job of surviving. But we still have so far to go. It would be a hell of a country. . . . It's a great country as it is. Now we have to define great: an ambiguous word. Great industrial empire, standard of living. . . . I think it would be so much greater if everyone had an equal opportunity in every field. There is no way to speculate how much brainpower this country has lost. And we don't have to like each other to live together peacefully and equally. Have you ever read how in the time of drought all the animals use the same water hole? The lions stay with the lions, the tigers with the tigers, the elephants live with elephants, but they all use the same water hole."

Of course, because of his wealth and position, Russell's experiences do not parallel those of most black men most of the time. He lives on a white block in a white town, has white baby-sitters and drives a 1964 Lincoln Continental convertible. The fact that owning a big car is considered a Negro stereotype does not concern Russell. "I've passed the stage," he says, "where I have to prove anything. I happen to like watermelon, too. There may come a time when I have to ride a bicycle. It won't bother me. It just won't be as fast or convenient." In Boston, Russell's celebrity is so great he can no longer enjoy himself at the ball park or at nightclubs; he gets too much attention. Once in a while, however, the ineradicable fact of being black, which he has never forgotten intellectually, falls upon him and wounds him like a blow.

"In the summer of 1962," Russell said the other day, "I took my two sons to Louisiana, where I was born and lived for nine years, to see my grandfather. I make a reasonable living. I'm a reasonably intelligent person; I bathe regularly, so I'm pretty much a normal human being. But from the time I left Whittan-

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BILL RUSSELL

ton, D.C., we couldn't eat, I had only driven the road once before, so I was following the map, staying on the main road. We couldn't stop and eat. Or sleep. I wasn't really hungry. I was just trying to get food for my kids. I wasn't interested in socializing, or rubbing elbows. Some Negro entertainers try to show the whites that they are nice people. All of us are nice people, but this movement is not a popularity contest. I don't care if the waitress likes me when I go into a restaurant. All I want is something to eat. I drove a pretty nice car, had a few hundred bucks on me—legal tender—but I couldn't stop to eat or sleep. I bet any Russian you name, from Khrushchev on down, would have had a nice trip to Louisiana. What can you tell a kid 5 and a kid 3? No one can justify this to me. Customs and traditions and all that junk!

"One of the greatest crimes is apathy. I'm kind of hardheaded. You're either against me or for me. Being neutral you support the status quo. You see this going on—you say that's sad, it really shouldn't be. Say it to a few people, and it makes you feel better. This is apathy. All I ask is that you practice good citizenship. Vote and try to accept people for what they are as persons. If you do that you give everyone an equal chance. If you come to me and say you're not prejudiced, you're lying. I think all whites feel guilty, but I'm not sure they know what they feel guilty about."

Bill Russell's life is founded on the facts that he is black, was poor and grew taller than most men. He was born in Monroe, La., and moved to Oakland, Calif., when he was 9. When he was 12 his mother died; he was raised by his father. "When my mother died," Russell says, "my father was a young man and he could very easily have shipped me and my brother off with relatives, but we stayed together. It wasn't all good and it wasn't all bad; some of the bad things that happened I have come to understand. When you're poor it's a different world."

"My brother used to run track. Did the 100 m 10.2, 10.4—that's not bad—and my father came out one day and raced him with work shoes on. My brother says he won, and my father says

he won, and I say it was a dead heat. It's not important. The important thing was that my father got in the race. I remember this field in Louisiana where the grass grew very tall. Sometimes we'd all play hide and seek—the four of us—on that field. When it was time to go in, my father would pick me up with one arm, pick up my brother with the other arm, my mother got on his back, and he ran us all the way home. Everybody had a great time."

Russell was hardly an outstanding basketball player as a youngster. In fact, in McClymonds High in Oakland, he was not even third-string junior varsity. There were 15 uniforms but 16 players. Russell and another substitute shared the 15th uniform, dressing for alternate games. In the second semester of his junior year Russell was cut from the ayyce. He would have quit basketball in despair except for the foresight of the varsity coach, who had been his home-room teacher in junior high school, he had Russell join the varsity where he became, at last, a full-fledged third stringer. The coach's name is George Powles; he is a white teacher in a school that is almost totally Negro. "I have never met a finer person," Russell says. "I owe so much to him it's impossible to express." In his senior year Russell finally became a starter and was the sixth or seventh highest scorer. "It was an act of kindness on Powles's part," he says. "He used to tell the guys I'd be a pretty good basketball player. I couldn't see it. He gave me money so I could join the boys' club and play every day. It was frustrating. Most of the kids wouldn't let me play. I had to play with the little kids, and who wants to play with them when you're 6 feet 2?" McClymonds won the league championship, but Russell did not even make third team all-league, and there were but six teams in the league. It was due only to the divination of Hal De Julio, who played on the University of San Francisco team that won the National Invitation Tournament in 1949, that Russell got an athletic scholarship at USF; his solitary offer. At USF Russell blossomed overnight; he was twice

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BILL RUSSELL continued

an All-America and led his team to 55 straight victories and two NCAA championships. In 1956, at Melbourne, Russell was a standout on the undefeated U.S. Olympic team.

Russell also excelled at track and field. At USF he ran the 440 in 49.5 and high-jumped 6 feet 9½ but, curiously, the only reason he went out for the sport was to get a varsity letter as a freshman, in basketball he had to settle for a freshman numeral. "I didn't think I was very good," he says, "but I found I could see all the great athletes from a good seat. It was sheer enjoyment, even more as a spectator than as a participant. It was like being at a carnival. It was like being invisible and being some place you always wanted to be."

Although he speaks highly of the Boston Celtic management, Russell feels that the NBA has quite some way to go before it is accepted as a first-class league. He complains, for example, that the NBA has no pension fund and that the league bungled and lost its TV deal by putting on too many shows between mediocre teams. "The papers made a big deal about the rivalry between Wilt Chamberlain and myself," he says, "and we were on TV together three times in two years." He regards officiating as one of the NBA's weakest points. "I acknowledge it's a difficult game to referee," he says, "but there should be more than three good referees in the whole league, which is all there are. The only way to get the best referees is to make it worth their while. The referee is just as important as the players. With a good referee the better team will win. In basketball, the referee can influence the game, set the tempo. If the price is right—\$10,000 to \$15,000—and you put them under contract, you'll get a lot of good ones."

Although Russell is just now entering his prime as a player, he often ponders quitting basketball. "When I think about it," he says, "there are a lot of things to consider, but it never has anything to do with quitting on top. First of all, I'm very much afraid of airplanes. Secondly, the game takes a lot out of

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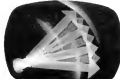
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BILL RUSSELL *continued*

me. I call it a nine-hour game, two hours getting mentally prepared, two hours for the game itself and five hours before I get to sleep. Sometimes, even then, I can't get to sleep. I feel that if I don't have a good game we will probably lose, and it will be my fault. During the playoffs it's a 16-hour game. People say Floyd Patterson should quit. I don't think so. Because he's not champion he's not a failure. I think it's false values if a guy feels he has to quit on top. There are few enough pleasures in life not to do the thing you want to do.

"One of the saddest things that has happened to me," Russell said the other day, "is that in basketball so many good things have happened to me it's hard to get a real thrill any more. You know what I get excited about now?—when my kids say funny things or I get two new speakers for my stereo, although I had a perfectly good system before that."

In Russell's home in Reading, a Boston suburb, he has installed a \$2,100 stereo system—he has 1,500 LP albums and who knows how many 45s—and some \$5,000 worth of electric trains are in the basement. Recently, his wife Rose began displaying some of Russell's basketball trophies around the house. "If it was up to me, I'd put them away again," Russell says. "As far as I'm concerned, there should be no pictures of the man of the house in his home. And no trophies. Outside achievements don't belong in a family setting. But Rose has her own ideas, too. She's the finest person I ever met. I've told her many times that if I was married to anyone else I wouldn't be married. It's difficult to live with a person of my character. I'm moody and demanding, in some ways inconsiderate. In other ways I'm a pretty nice guy. I think."

When Bill Russell permits you to get to know him, you discover quickly that he is more than just "a pretty nice guy." You discover a first-rate and rewarding person. And when you are talking to him, or listening to him, or beating him in gin rummy—he's no ace at that game—you do not think of him as a basketball player, or a giant, or a Negro, finally, but as someone it is worth your while to be with.

END

(On display at the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, England)



This is the first Christmas card, but



this English holiday greeting is older!

When J. C. Horsley designed the first Christmas card in 1843, Gordon's Gin had already been an English holiday fixture for 74 years. Obviously, then, you're on very firm traditional ground when you give a gift of Gordon's. Nice thing is, Gordon's still harks back to Alexander Gordon's original 1769 formula, which keeps it distinctively dry and flavour-some. So your gift is not only richly historical, it tastes good, too. Ideal Christmas gift, wouldn't you say?



PHOTO BY MARCUS MALMA

How to build a boy

Liberally mix several old tin cans full of fun, with a mop of hair that always seems to need to be cut. Then blend in scuffed knuckles and knees, a missing tooth (optional).

Sprinkle in streaks of omeriness, pride, courage, envy, and *maybe even* a little fear (everybody knows that empty house down the block is haunted).

And there: you've made a boy. Well, almost.

Boys, wonderfully, have a sweet sense of the bigness and beauty and mystery of things. And it's this sense of bigness, beauty and mystery we hope they'll never lose.

Religion is an awfully big word to a little boy. But the spirit of it isn't. And it's the spirit of religion that can bring peace, comfort, security and goodness to a boy—his whole life through.

Hi-the-bet, pels, hide'n'seek—they're as vital to a boy as peanut-butter sandwiches. So is the help of true religious faith. Your children should worship this week in your church or synagogue. And the best way to see to it is to be there with them yourself.

Worship this week



RELIGION IN AMERICAN LIFE

Space contributed as a public service by Sports Illustrated

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Not long ago, the only effective way to reach executives was through business and general news publications.

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The frontiers of travel and recreation have been extended by jet aircraft and super highways. Interest in golf, boating, skiing and other sports is at its highest, thanks to large incomes, more discretionary time and the massive movement to the suburbs.

Today there exists a market of executives successful enough to earn a good living five days a week - and intelligent enough to pursue a good life during the other two. In pure statistics, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED compares more than favorably with media traditional to the executive market.

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21% of all corporate officers, directors, owners, partners and general managers in the U. S. earning \$25,000 a year or more read SPORTS ILLUSTRATED each week*



**Sports
Illustrated**

* Audience data 1962, B. E. Simmons & Associates Research, Inc.

The Pig That Paved the Way to the Game

College students had a tougher time getting to distant football games in 1916 than they do today. Here is how an enterprising group from Wisconsin solved the problem by FRANK BIRCH

The railway freight agent said to the sophomore, "I'm sorry, son, but there's an Interstate Commerce regulation that says we can't bill human beings as freight."

This happened in Madison, Wis., one November afternoon in 1916. The sophomore represented some 35 fellow students of the University of Wisconsin, and he knew they were going to take the freight agent's decision hard. Wisconsin's football team was to play Minneapolis in Minneapolis the following Saturday, and every right-minded student wanted to see the game, the most important of the year for both teams.

But in 1916 college students generally did not have automobiles. There probably were not more than a dozen cars on the campus. A round-trip railroad fare from Madison, plus a night in a cheap hotel, came to almost \$24. Undergraduates did not have that kind of money for frolic.

Someone had suggested—brilliantly, his buddies thought—that the whole gang could go to Minneapolis in a railroad cattle car on a fast freight train. They had it all worked out in their heads that they could leave Madison late Friday evening, get to Minneapolis in six hours, see the big game and be back at their fraternities or rooming houses early Sunday morning. The sophomore had been delegated to arrange the details only to find out that there were none to arrange. He started the two-mile walk back home, muttering revolutionary criticism of bureaucracy.

He walked down State Street toward the university campus and saw a light truck, probably bound for the university agricultural school. Inside the slatted truck body were three or four hogs, very unhappy in such cramped quarters and squealing revolutionary sentiments of their own. The sophomore had an idea. He turned abruptly and almost ran back to the railroad freight office.

The freight agent, a kindly but dutiful man, was about to cite the rule again when the sophomore headed him off with a question: "How many pigs do you have to put in a stock car to have it billed as a 'car of stock'?" The agent said no specific number was mentioned in the rules.

"How many tenders can you have in a car?" This was a new one. The agent had no precedent to go by. He pulled down the tariff book, read up and down a column or two and said, "There is no mention of how many stock tenders. The book doesn't say how many pigs, and it doesn't say how many tenders, so I suppose one or more would be the answer."

First thing the next morning a farmer five miles from Madison was confronted by a couple of students as he was cleaning up his barn. "Mr. Kleinheintz," one of the students said, "we want to make a deal with you. What will you charge us to rent a pig from Friday afternoon to Sunday afternoon? We'll take good care of it and return it in as good condition as we got it."

The farmer was puzzled, but he could see by their faces that they were serious. He said, "I'll let you have that young sow over there for \$6. If you return her in good shape I'll give you \$3 back."

It was a deal. The young promoters asked, "Mr. Kleinheintz, what do you feed a pig?" They returned to their classes, happy with the answer.

The Friday afternoon preceding the game 32 students, dressed in their oldest clothes, assembled at the freight yard. Four more soon arrived, the honor guard for Mr. Kleinheintz's sow, who had a stout rope around her neck. They had brought the pig from the farm in the back seat of an old Model T.

The freight agent, a stickler for the rules but delighted that there was a way to beat them, made out the waybill. It had the high simplicity of all classic language: "One car of stock and tenders,

Madison to Minneapolis and return."

The pig was tied securely in one corner of a well-ventilated stock car. Two bushel baskets of food—pieces of cabbage, carrots, celery tops, stale bread and potato peelings salvaged from the garbage can of a fraternity house—and a big milk can of fresh water were placed near by.

Francis of Assisi could hardly have improved on the cooing given the pig, whose every little whim was catered to. It was a fast freight and made only three or four stops, each of which gave the tenders (but not the pig) time to get out and jump around to get warmed up. Some of the lads had blankets, some had overcoats. There were three lanterns, which helped a few to play cards on the floor. Everyone brought a paper bag of lunch; leftovers went to the pig, who was not proud. Nobody slept. A Chi Psi had brought along a ukulele; everybody sang, and the pig felt at home.

The freight train rolled into Minneapolis. The sportsmen went to a restaurant for a 45¢ breakfast of hot cereal, ham and eggs, toast and jam and coffee. A few of the purse-proud and greedy spent 90¢ on two breakfasts. The pig breakfasted in the car.

It was a happy caper, even though Wisconsin was swamped by Minnesota in the football game.

Back in Madison at 5 o'clock Sunday morning, the pig was returned to Farmer Kleinheintz, who refunded \$3. The railway freight agent had been paid in advance, and when the cost was prorated it figured out to \$4.60 each.

Since 1916 I have not missed a Wisconsin-Minnesota football game either at Madison or Minneapolis. Once I traveled 1,300 miles to get back for the game. Even during World War I service, while on leave, I saw the game.

Today the boys go to the game by train or plane or convertible. So do I—but it is not the same without a pig END

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL—Cubist TOSTON HOWARD was named the American League's Most Valuable Player for 1961 as he became the fourth New York Yankee in a row to win the award.

In the first significant post season trade, the New York Mets gave pitcher ROGER CRAIG (5-22 in 1961) to the St. Louis Cardinals in exchange for left-handed Outfielder GEORGE ALTMAN (1-24 in 1961) and minor league Pitcher Bill Wukofski.

The YOMURI GIANTS defeated the Nipponens 4 times four games to win their sixth Japan-Nippon Series since 1959. The Giants had and the Series at three games apiece on 26 game against Kurehara (late's most change) of the first was the first game with a no-hitter and won the (1961) But from started again the next day and failed to last four innings, the Giants got 16 hits including five HRs and snatched won the deciding game 18-4. The Nipponens' pitcher, Nipponens (the Double League's Most Valuable Player) was the Giants' leading pitcher (18) BA three HRs, three doubles, seven RBIs.

BASKETBALL—BOSTON extended its winning streak to seven games with an easy 139-91 victory over Cincinnati, and then finally lost out to the Knicks 104-111. The Celtics had won by 14 points through the final period, but Cincinnati tied up the game and won it on a jump shot by Bob Rousey with only five seconds left to play. The new NBA Rookie watched St. Louis (11-5) CINCINNATI followed up its split with the Celtics by defeating Detroit 115-109 to remain two games behind in the East. NEW YORK (1-1) for the week's best win since its season loss to the 98 points in the first game of the season in San Francisco 110-98. The Knicks then made it three in a row by defeating the Warriors 104-94 and losing to the Lakers 104-73 ST. LOUIS and SAN FRANCISCO each dropped two out of three games, while LOS ANGELES won three straight to move into first place in the first Western Division race. BALTIMORE won its fifth straight game before losing to St. Louis 105-106, while both PHILADELPHIA and DETROIT broke four-game losing streaks.

BOXING—Heavyweight Champion SONNY ERSTON and Louisville contender CASINUS TOLLY signed a contract in Denver to meet in a main event on February 18 (see page 26). The date and site have not yet been chosen.

LODIE MACHEN of Berkeley, Calif., who also hopes to fight Sonny, knocked out Bill McMuray in the seventh round of a scheduled 10-rounder in Sacramento to record his third KO in as many fights after he started his comeback two months ago.

FOOTBALL—NFL: The following Cleveland Browns

were edged by PITTSBURGH 9-7 for their second loss in three games. The Browns had led 7-0 at the half but the Steelers defense took charge after that and held Jerome Brown to seven yards, caught him on the end zone for a safety and in the last quarter returned a Cleveland fumble that led to the winning touchdown. As expected, NEW YORK and won its fourth game in a row by routing Philadelphia 35-14 in Cleveland for the Eastern Division lead. Charlie Johnson kept ST. LOUIS in the race, a game behind in third place with three TD passes in a 24-20 win over Washington. In the Western Division, CHICAGO edged Los Angeles Raiders on field goals as Roger Lewis, GREEN BAY won its eighth straight by defeating Minnesota 20-7 to remain tied with the Bears for the lead. Johnny Unitas threw two long passes (64 and 42 yards) for touchdowns in the first quarter as BALTIMORE beat Denver 24-21. SAN FRANCISCO came from behind on Lamar McHenry's three TD passes to defeat Dallas 30-14 for its second win of the season. Don Meredith, who completed 30 passes for 468 yards, had thrown three of them for touchdowns in the first half to give the Cowboys a 24-0 lead.

APL ROSENTHAL moved a half game ahead in the Eastern Division by coming from behind in the last quarter to defeat New York 17-17. Jack Kemp accounted for all the RBs, touchdowns with three drives and a run as BUFFALO beat Denver 27-23 and claimed its second Western Division lead. SAN DIEGO pushed Boston from a share of the lead in the East to third place with a 7-6 win. Longe Abraham, who caught 11 passes for 210 yards, scored the game's only touchdown in a 20-14 win. Tim Lincecum was the first quarter and George Blair scored the extra point to offset two Giants' touchdowns in the first quarter. OAKLAND scored 19 points in the second period and went on to beat Kansas City 27-7. It was the Raiders' fourth victory in a row and the Chiefs' fifth straight defeat.

GOLF—First-time pro FRANK BEARD, 24, of Louisville, whose older brother Ralph was a three-time All-America basketball player at Kentucky, won his first tournament—the \$50,000 Frank Sinatra Invitational at Palm Springs, Calif.

Returning from France the long way around ARNOLD PALMER and Jack Nicklaus created the 40th Masters tournament in Southern California and reversed their recent Canada Cup finish. Palmer won with 283 and Nicklaus was two strokes behind in second place.

HARNESS RACING—Cauldron Farm's SPEEDY NOCT (52-50) driven by Ralph Haddock, showed 16 across his length in the \$40,173 Dever Cup race at Boardwalk Raceway, N.Y. It was the colt's 11th win in 15 starts this year and moved his

season's earnings to a record high (\$244,242) for 3-year-old trotters.

A record total of \$3,413,000 was spent for 100 horses at the HARRISBURG (Pa.) SALES, largest auction in the world for Standardbred yearlings.

HOCKEY—CHICAGO ran its unbeaten streak to 11 games of a win and lost to the Bruins 4-2.

Regular Division Game 10 was won by a narrow margin. MONTREAL was 1-1-1 for the week to finish in second place. Los Angeles led the Black Hawks. TORONTO came from their goals behind in the first period to lead 3-0 at 4-3 and then held Chicago 3-2. DETROIT moved into a tie with the Maple Leafs as Terry Sheehy had two shorthands in a 1-1 (1-over) New York 3-0 over Montreal.

In the Montreal game Gordie Howe scored his 245th lifetime goal in a break. Maurice Richard's injured NEW YORK allowed three goals to extend its losing streak to four, while last-place BOSTON split its two games.

HORSE RACING—Mrs. Marvin duPont Scott's MORGAN (19-66) outperformed Radio in a two horse race for the track and won the \$100,000 Washington, D.C. International by half a length on the turf at Laurel, Md. (see page 37).

HURRY TO MARKET (320-61) won Thoroughbred racing's longest race (1990, 74) when he defeated favorite Roman Rebel by a length in the Garden State Stakes for 2-year-olds.

GAYLE GATLIN, a 25-1 shot from South Australia carrying only 109 pounds, won the \$36,000 Melbourne (Australia) Cup race.

In the closed race for the British jockeys' championship since 1932, Australia's SCORIE BRAY, ALFY, won the title for the third year in a row, with 176 winning mounts. England's Lester Piggett, 25, who took the title in 1960, rode 173 winners.

HORSE SHOW—The four biggest senior champions, three of New York's, National American Saddle Horse Association's RANDY STUART, 15, of Tulsa; the AQHA, Medal Class Saddle Seat on Scott Cloud, STEPHANIE STECK, 18, at Port Jefferson, N.Y.; the AQHA, Medal Class Hunter Seat on Terrence Mader, SLF FLEET MAXWELL, 16, of Louisville; and, Good Ranch 1-on-Are Horse, and WENDY MAIRS, 16, of Pasadena, Calif. (The Madras) about 100.

MILWAUKEE—DIED: Left-handed sprinter Pitcher CLAYTON MITCHELL, 32, who won 10 games in his 10-year major league career at a team's pitcher in Grand Island, Neb. (see page 12).

DIED ALFRED M. KLEIN, 62, a member of the Executive Committee of the World Bird Conservation Union and of the Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission since 1935, of a heart ailment in Philadelphia.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

23—Alfred: International 23—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 24—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 25—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 26—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 27—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 28—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 29—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 30—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 31—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 32—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 33—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 34—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 35—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 36—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 37—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 38—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 39—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 40—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 41—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 42—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 43—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 44—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 45—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 46—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 47—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 48—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 49—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 50—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 51—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 52—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 53—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 54—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 55—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 56—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 57—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 58—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 59—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 60—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 61—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 62—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 63—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 64—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 65—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 66—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 67—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 68—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 69—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 70—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 71—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 72—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 73—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 74—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 75—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 76—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 77—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 78—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 79—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 80—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 81—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 82—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 83—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 84—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 85—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 86—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 87—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 88—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 89—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 90—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 91—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 92—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 93—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 94—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 95—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 96—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 97—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 98—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 99—Burl: Herald-Examiner; 100—Burl: Herald-Examiner.

FACES IN THE CROWD

JANET HARMAN, who has been bowling since she was 10, rolled her first perfect game and in the same set established a new Women's International Bowling Congress record for a three-game series (216, 276, 300—792 on 28 strikes) in her home town of Norwalk, Calif.

DICK KIMBALL, the diving coach at Michigan and a former college diving champion, won the World Professional Indoor Diving title (springboard) at Grosvenor, N.Y. He earned the most points in the optional part of the program with a series of difficult splashes.

KEN WHITE, outdoor editor of the Indianapolis (Mo.) *Examiner*, did not win any preliminary rounds of the 4-day Fresh Water World Series of Fishing in Bull Shoals, Ark., but in the finals he caught three perch and a two-pound coon-fish bass to take the title.

MRS. ALLISON CHOATE of Rye, N.Y., defeated her old friend Maureen O'Brien, the defending champion, for the U.S. senior women's golf title in Delray Beach, Fla. She tied Miss O'Brien in the final round, and then outlasted her in a sudden-death playoff.

DICK HILL, a sophomore halfback for Princeton College in Sherman, Texas, caught 17 passes from quarterback Jerry Bishop for 286 yards to set two NAIA records in a game with the West Central State of Ada, Okla. Bishop's 493 total yards passing was also a record.

TONY GARMO, a garage owner from Littleton, Colo., took a 100-mile drive to the Florida Everglades, drove through his balloon-bent swamp buggy a vehicle first developed for hunters to use in deep mud twice around the soggy course near Naples, Fla., to win the annual Swamp Buggy Derby.

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19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

SEEING CRIMSON

Sirs:

Oh, come on now, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. Two years in a row with this nonsense about Harvard football is too much (*Who Loves Harvard?*, Nov. 4). The Johnnies are excited about football nowadays because they are winning, and they are winning because they are recruiting. It's that simple.

Last year your Cantab-oriented staff tried to persuade us that the Crimson athletes were the smoothest combination of intellect and beef ever gathered together in one locker room. This year we are told that tradition is something of which Harvard has "a great deal more than anyone else." Well, the article is about football, and we'd suggest that you check the alltime records of Harvard football teams against those made by men in Yale blue. They might teach you something about tradition.

PYLA E. STEIGER

WILLIAM R. SCHULTZ

New Haven, Conn.

Sirs:

Allred Wright's story was not only an admirable commentary on the football festivities at the Harvard "coliseum" but also a remarkable study of her fair-haired gladiators. Strange must be the manners of the Crimson gentlemen who preserve their Hollywood looks and best friendship even on the field. This must be part of Harvard's long and glorious tradition in the game of football.

We seem to recall a venerable institution in Connecticut that boasts a more tangible tradition, a better football record through the years, and such names as Arno Alonso Stagg, Walter Camp and Albie Booth, men whose ties did not have to blow unnoticed over their shoulders.

How nice it is to hear that the team has regained the love of the student body—and that the Cliffies are still fighting Harvard fiercely.

What hath John Harvard wrought?

WILLIAM A. BURCK III

PETER R. MCCOMB

F. BRADFORD NIELING

New Haven, Conn.

Sirs:

Apparently the Harvard definition of maturity includes the chanting of "the ref beats his wife" and the unsportsmanlike waving of white handkerchiefs at the conclusion of the game. It is certainly a paradox that Dartmouth can be judged uncouth when one compares these manifestations of im-

maturity with the proud acceptance of defeat by the Dartmouth students.

We shall be able to bear the burden of this loss of ephemeral grandeur because we know that we possess something that transcends athletic accomplishment, a love for our school. For indeed, sir, who does love Harvard?

Wah-hee-wah!

ROBERT D. REINIGER

KENNETH R. ELLIS

Hanover, N.H.

Sirs:

I thank most Dartmouth men who like it known that we consider your article *Who Loves Harvard?* extremely unfair. Wright's biased viewpoint disturbed us "fiercely," and, although you are considered the vanguard of taste and propriety in the sporting world, what you said about Harvard was downright nasty. They may have beaten us, broken our winning streak and our hearts, but they certainly don't deserve such a literary drubbing.

PHILIP H. WADDE

Hanover, N.H.

Sirs:

Harvard's Coach Yovicsin should have remained mum until after the Pennsylvania game. The Quakers took to hear his statement that "defense is very definitely the most important part of the game, and kicking is next." Using exactly that formula, Penn upset the Crimson 7-2. Thanks, Mr. Yovicsin.

ALFRED G. HARR JR.

Wynnewood, Pa.

Sirs:

"Who loves Harvard?" We here at the University of Pennsylvania do! And with good reason. The Crimson provided us with the happiest weekend in my four years as an undergraduate.

ED RUMIN

Philadelphia

GESUNDHEIT

Sirs:

Australia's Tony Snearwell, whose high jump of 7 feet 2½ inches highlighted the pre-Olympic meet at Tokyo (*A Very Dry Run in Tokyo*, Oct. 28), is not quite as "unknown" as you might think, nor was Russia's knowledgeable coach, Gabriel Korobkov, stunned at all by the performance.

Snearwell first became a seven-footer last February and has been considered a likely prospect to challenge the supremacy of the

continued



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improved

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